

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'The Student' (c. 1920), by George Clausen, in the Brighton Art Gallery: Quentin Bell has revisited the Gallery and discusses it on page 325

Will the Fifth Republic Outlive General de Gaulle?

By Dorothy Pickles

Who Are the Sovereign People?

By Maurice Cranston

Relativistic Theories of the Universe

By W. B. Bonnor

Television in Canada

By Richard S. Lambert

Le Corbusier's Masterpiece?

By Father Illtud Evans, O.P.

'The Shrimp Became a Whale'

By Asa Briggs

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The Listener

Vol. LXII. No. 1587

Thursday August 27 1959

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Will the Fifth Republic Outlive De Gaulle?

DOROTHY PICKLES on the 'personality' of the present regime in France

IF the Fifth Republic has existed long enough to have a personality, it is certainly not yet a coherent personality. A regime has to exist for some time before one can sum up its atmosphere in a word, as Barres did for the Third Republic when he said: 'I think France is Radical'. Looking back, one can see what he meant. The Third Republic's life was indeed dominated by Radical politicians—Waldeck-Rousseau, Combes, Clemenceau, Herriot, Daladier—and by anti-clericalism, that most essentially Radical of doctrines.

The Fourth Republic lasted only a short time—from 1946 to 1958—but it, too, had its own atmosphere, created largely by the trailing clouds of resistance idealism during its early years. It was perhaps the most Republican of French Republics—in the sense given to that word by the French left which implies an idea of social as well as political democracy.

In THE LISTENER of June 4, Dr. David Thomson described the Fifth Republic as an 'ambiguous' Republic. Ambiguity is certainly one of its characteristics. Some Frenchmen regard it not as really a Republic at all but as a kind of elective monarchy. Professor Duverger has even decided that it is a throwback to the Orleanist Monarchy of 1830. It has been described as a

régime des notables, a half-way house to Fascism, a quarter-way house to a Popular Front, as pre-Presidential, or as pre-Napoleonic. Whichever way one looks at it, it is still a chameleon-like Republic, because its prospects vary so much according to the position of the viewer. Some see it as offering hopes of a France with her power and greatness renewed. This is General de Gaulle's view. As he put it:

The referendum of September 28 proclaims the rebirth of France and expresses the determination of the French people to unite in a common effort for greatness.

Others, and not only his opponents, see it as doomed to die an early death or to undergo a sea-change. One of the Ministers who helped to draw up the Constitution said to me recently that it would last no longer than de Gaulle himself.



'General de Gaulle towers above the Government—not only above M. Debré but above everybody else': a recent cartoon illustrating this theme in relation to Algeria, from *Le Canard Enchaîné*

Like every other student of French affairs, I have been trying to sort out my feelings about the Fifth Republic. The first impression it leaves me with is that its Constitution, its Government, and, in particular, the National Assembly, have an extraordinarily amateur air. The constitutional text looks like a hasty improvisation; though the moving spirit in its elaboration was the present Prime Minister, M. Debré, a lawyer, who had spent the previous fifteen years thinking about a model constitution for France; it has been described as unworkable. It is full of ambiguities: one critic described it as 'the worst-drafted in French constitutional history'. It has gaps, which have been filled in by streams of ordinances and decrees, promulgated in no logical order. Indeed, the French are now almost in the British position of not being able to lay their hands on the Constitution. Only a few weeks ago a legal periodical printed an agonized protest by an eminent Paris lawyer on behalf of those of his colleagues whose job it was to apply this 'avalanche' of new and amended decrees. 'They were', he said, 'lost in a new labyrinth, with no Ariadne to guide them, as they struggled to make an intelligible mosaic out of disintegrated atoms of past laws and the fragments of present ones were raining down upon them'.

Technique for Harassing Governments

The Prime Minister, M. Debré, is himself an amateur. It is true that he spent ten years as a back-bench senator under the Fourth Republic, but he became Prime Minister only six months after being appointed to his first government post. Incidentally, he has come in for a certain amount of ironic comment, both on his past activities and on his present position. As a senator, M. Debré invented a technique for harassing governments—a device called 'oral questions with debate'. As Prime Minister he has been fighting hard to prevent Members of Parliament from using the same device to harass his Government.

He is also, as Prime Minister, the chief victim of what may well be another of his own inventions. It may be that this is M. Debré's Constitution, much more than General de Gaulle's. After all, during the General's twelve years in the political wilderness, he spent a great deal of time listening to people; and what more likely than that he should have listened to one of his most loyal followers? If this thesis is accurate, then, by inventing a Constitution in which the President and not the Prime Minister is the effective head of the Government, M. Debré has reduced himself to insignificance.

However that may be, it is certainly a fact that, though he is highly intelligent and generally respected, the present Prime Minister makes little impact on parliament and even less in the country. A recent article on him was even entitled: 'Does M. Debré really exist?' Other Ministers too and indeed Parliament include many amateurs. The front benches are full of civil servants and technocrats, who may be experts but are certainly not effective ministers. The back benches are full of new boys. And M. Debré who has never been a member of the Assembly is certainly still inexperienced in handling it. He is a passionate advocate of the new institutions and he can never let any opportunity pass of rushing to their defence; and he brings to the task an indefatigable missionary zeal that parliamentary old hands find naïve—and rather embarrassing. One French journalist described exactly the impression he creates when he said: 'There's something of the boy scout about M. Debré'.

This amateurishness is important, and perhaps even dangerous. For one thing, it has made politics under the Fifth Republic extremely boring. Parliament sits for only five and a half months in the year. During the first regular session (which has just ended) there was very little legislation. There were no crises, no midnight sittings, no confidence votes, no visits of a resigning Prime Minister to the Elysée in the small hours of the morning. That in itself is all to the good. But if to the absence of this kind of drama there is added the absence of any other kind, then the Assembly ceases to be the focus of interest that it has traditionally been in French Republican regimes. Ironically, the Senate, which is still very representative of the Fourth Republic, is stealing all the thunder so far in this parliament.

In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the Assembly does not yet seem to be an effective parliamentary machine. Of

course, parliament's powers are now very restricted but it still has an essential function: and its first job is, surely, to make this Constitution work. It must be made to work if France is not to go on having revolutions. One of the chief critics of the new system, Professor Duverger, argues that the Assembly has not, so far, made any real effort to make it work, because the minds of deputies were still set in old grooves: they were still thinking in terms of 1946, or even 1875. That may be true of the traditional parties. It is certainly not true of the largest party, the Gaullist Union for the new Republic, which does not yet seem to have found any parliamentary groove, except loyalty to the Government. That makes M. Debré's job easier than that of any of his predecessors since the war—but it does not contribute much to the Assembly's efficiency as a working machine. Nor does it help it to do its other important job, which is to prepare the succession—to enable the Republic to live one day without General de Gaulle.

One of the reasons why this second job is not being done is because of General de Gaulle's domination of the political stage as well as of the Government. This regime has at least one thing in common with the British Monarchy, as Bagehot saw it in the middle of the last century: 'The attention of the nation', he said, 'is concentrated on one person doing interesting things'. General de Gaulle towers above the Government—not only above M. Debré but above everybody else.

The effect of this concentration of interest is to create a kind of political vacuum. General de Gaulle's presence is so essential that it is impossible for political leaders—or potential political leaders—to imagine how they will look to each other, and themselves, when he is no longer there. It is a political vacuum that affects the Opposition too, for General de Gaulle is also indispensable to the non-communist left. For many Frenchmen on the left, he is 'the last bastion of the Republic'. They dislike the Government's economic and social policy. They dislike, in principle, intervention in government by a President of the Republic. They remain faithful, in principle, to government by parliament. But when they look at the benches filled with 200 Gaullists, with only one thing in common, namely the determination to keep Algeria for ever French, they are thankful that this President of the Republic has effective power; because they have more faith in this President than in this Assembly. Though one must add that on General de Gaulle's Algerian policy, where hope and faith marched together last year, hope is now gaining ground on faith for some of his left-wing supporters.

But the time will come when parliament will have to consider how to adapt the present institutions to the new situation that will arise when General de Gaulle is no longer there. At the moment, though everybody is aware of the problem, the impact of General de Gaulle is so tremendous that all the others look like school prefects. There is some political manoeuvring in the parties. There is plenty of political discussion in the press and periodicals, and there are jokes in satirical journals. But there is no sign of a successor. Everybody is 'waiting for Godot'.

In Search of a Policy

In the meantime, and while General de Gaulle is still there, the first step towards making this parliament a more efficient machine would be for the new majority party, the Union for the New Republic, to transform itself from a Gaullist rally into an effective parliamentary party. This it is certainly trying to do. It still consists of 200 'brute votes'—to borrow another of Bagehot's expressions—in search of both a policy and a parliamentary leader. The former Secretary-General of the party announced last winter—after the elections, not before—that the U.N.R. would soon produce a policy. The policy has still not emerged, but a number of disagreements have.

The party has too many would-be leaders pulling in different directions. As the President of the Assembly, M. Chaban-Delmas, is presumably out of the running for the time being, M. Debré seems never to have been in the running. The present Secretary-General, M. Chalandon, is an economist whose thought runs on technocratic lines. He is an economic expansionist, though the present Government has so far pursued a restrictionist policy, under the leadership of its essentially orthodox conservative Finance Minister, M. Pinay. M. Chalandon has no real gifts as a

propagandist, or as a leader of the rank and file, and he has already come to blows with M. Delbecque. M. Delbecque is an organizer, and he is well aware that the movement cannot count on winning the next election simply on the strength of its Gaullism, unrelated to policy. M. Delbecque wants to create a mass party, with a strong appeal to the working class, and an efficient party machine. As one of the chief organizers—probably the chief organizer—of the revolution of May 13, he can no doubt do this—if anybody can. But whether the kind of machine he has in mind will reassure those who fear authoritarian tendencies in the Gaullist movement is a matter of opinion. M. Soustelle seems to share some of the views of M. Delbecque, though perhaps not his views as to who should be the leader of the party.

The one thing on which the movement seems to agree, so far, is Algeria. But as time goes on it appears more and more certain that on this, at least, General de Gaulle is not a Gaullist. His more left-wing supporters have maintained all along that he has very liberal views regarding Algeria's future. It is becoming less and less possible for the 'integrationists' to paper over the cracks by references to General de Gaulle's 'silences', or by the pretence, kept up for a long time by some of the more extremist sections, that he was being ambiguous. Some time ago, M. de Serigny, who owns and runs the right-wing Algerian journal *l'Echo d'Alger*, printed a leader headed: 'For the love of God, *mon Général*, speak clearly!'

For the past six months General de Gaulle has been speaking incessantly about Algeria, and very clearly—for him; only he has not been saying what the Algerian settlers wanted to hear.

One of the current stories about General de Gaulle is precisely on this point. It is said that a right-wing deputy from Algeria went to see him to complain that his friends did not like the General's Algerian policy. To which the General is said to have replied: 'Very well then, change your friends!'

One Frenchman who has come into close contact with General de Gaulle during the past year told me he thought that, on Algeria, General de Gaulle was really 'very British'. 'He is very "factual"', he said. That is certainly how it looks. When General de Gaulle appointed M. Delouvrier as Delegate-General

in Algeria last December, he said, in his instructions to him:

The Algerian problem is a matter between the entire French nation and Algeria as she really is, not between France and sections of the Algerian population seeking either to compel France to abandon Algeria, or to impose an arbitrary solution. The Government's purpose, despite the delays and ordeals, is that the French nation shall enable the *real* Algeria to take shape.

And in a recent speech General de Gaulle said:

I do not make up my mind in advance about the political future of Algeria. Those who do so are merely expressing their own wishes. We must be more modest.

This policy, the essence of which is to refuse to have a policy while there is so much bitterness on both sides, and while so many of the basic facts are unknown, may be the only practical policy that offers any hope of success. But the unspoken question at the back of everybody's mind is: Will General de Gaulle have enough time to finish the job, to find and carry out a policy along these lines; and if not, what then? His sight has troubled him for some time. He has had an exhausting year, the last six months of which have included five visits to the French provinces, followed by a visit to equatorial Africa and Madagascar. There are, too, political dangers. Industrial unrest may develop, or some of those who gave him such impressive majorities last year may lose patience. General de Gaulle himself has said, again and again, that there can be no miracle, that any solution must take time.

The Fifth Republic, then, is still a precarious Republic; and it will remain precarious so long as the Algerian problem is there, in the foreground—that is, so long as there is no certainty that it will not kill this regime as it killed the last. If the Fifth Republic could emerge from this precarious state—if this Constitution could be considered on its merits instead of merely as part of the de Gaulle experiment—then stability might be in sight, or, if not stability, at least the kind of 'provisional' situation whose lasting qualities the French have so often proved. If General de Gaulle can remain in office long enough to be able to say—only this time with truth—what he said when he resigned in 1946, 'After immense trials, France is out of danger', then the real personality of the Fifth Republic can begin to take shape.

—Third Programme

Indian Democracy and Mr. Nehru

By J. CHINNA DURAI

I HAVE sometimes been asked whether Indian democracy will survive the retirement of Mr. Nehru. In his broadcast a few weeks ago Mr. Tibor Mende* was very doubtful. He said that if a shock like a large-scale famine should occur simultaneously with Mr. Nehru's disappearance from public life the survival of parliamentary government in India might well be at stake. There are, indeed, many reasons for believing that democracy will survive. But, before



Indian village weavers at their looms

I deal with them, let me consider briefly the reasons for some of the doubts and suspicions.

First, there seems to be a general notion that democracy is more at home with the West than the East. This in the main is due, I believe, to recent events in Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, and Indonesia.

Secondly, because of the low percentage of literacy—only 20 per cent. of the people being able to read and write—it is feared that democracy in

India can but be a mockery, and the government of the land can at best be only an oligarchy. Also the status of Indian women *vis-à-vis* their menfolk seems to have raised doubts in the minds of many people as to whether it was not possible for a Communist or Congress Party father or husband to influence them to vote his way owing to their general illiteracy and submissive nature. It is feared that a male elector entitled to a single vote could indirectly invest himself to all intents and purposes with a dozen or more votes according to how many women of the age of twenty-one and over were resident 'under his control' in his joint family household, of which he is the 'karta' or manager. Yet it is possible for an Indian woman to rise to the position of a Cabinet minister or governor of a province in the India of today. Thirty-three per cent, of the candidates who contested the last general elections for the Congress Party were women.

Thirdly, it is held in some quarters that what has helped democracy to succeed in India as it has done is the personality of Mr. Nehru. It was fortunate that the mantle of Mr. Gandhi, who commanded universal respect, fell on Mr. Nehru. Mr. Nehru has a dynamic personality: he has brought together provinces and peoples with different traits and tendencies, languages and religions, not to speak of their inherent animosities, into a united whole. This more than anything has ensured for India a government of the people for the people by the people on the Western pattern. But the cynics and sceptics began to say, as cynics and sceptics will: so far so good. But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Nehru is a creation of British imperialism. What brought him to the fore was his stubborn opposition to British rule in the cause of Indian independence, during which he courted arrest time and again and emerged as a 'martyr' and a 'hero'. What could produce leaders of the type of Gandhi and Nehru is a strong 'opposition' to the Congress Government, but there is no opposition at the moment worth the name and there does not seem to be any yet visible on the horizon.

A large, various agglomeration of peoples and languages at every level of civilization, and the lack of it; a large majority of illiterates; a tradition of purdah—can this be made into a democracy or, being a democracy, can it resist the drift into bureaucracy or the drive into communism?

I think it can and will. To start with, I doubt whether any other kind of administration could make sense of the varieties of Indian people, language, and religion so toughly rooted in an ancient past. Moreover, the influence of the English in India was never that of an alien conqueror. They came to trade and stayed to administer, but they never took over the Indian peoples: their aim erred rather in over-emphasizing the autonomy and incorrigibility of Indian custom. They made it abundantly clear that they wanted India to be Indian. And so it is.



A Brahman (right) instructing a warrior (probably a king): thirteenth-century stone carving from Orissa

Victoria and Albert Museum

India's antiquity is much more than a matter of centuries. Age, the sense of time, the reality of generations, is of the essence of Indian religion and social life. It cannot be ripped out of the Indian consciousness. No force of Western efficiency or promise of Western technology will get rid of this instinct for the perpetual, the gradual, and the inherited. It may seem an odd claim to make, but I think that one of the most inexpugnable defences of the democracy of the future is the caste system of the past. Caste is a form of custom built into Indian psychology. It is a combination of family life, economic order, religious tradition, and cultural inheritance. It is very old, very tough, and very adaptable. You can abolish it by law; but it will survive as instinct.

In almost every walk and aspect of Indian life this native instinct is discernible: for example, the textile industry. Thanks to Western technology there are numerous first-rate textile mills in India which produce millions of yards of cloth of good quality every year. A large portion of it is exported to Britain. One would have thought that an enterprise which has the powerful drive and backing of Western technology would wipe out the antiquated spinning-wheel and the 'village weaver'. This has not happened, and cottage industries, whether textile, basket-making, or pottery, are thriving undeterred by the side of machines. Indians who follow a particular calling or trade, it must be remembered, have descended from a stock that had pursued that calling or trade before them, and the origin of their forebears

could be traced back to a yet remoter period going back to time immemorial. The demand for their products, thanks to their inherited genius and skill, is as great as it is for machine-made stuff, and as long as they are what they are—the weaver class of India, a set of people woven tight into the Indian structure—there is no danger of their being eclipsed in their normal activities by Western efficiency and technology. One has only to see the pride of place that is given to hand-made Indian carpets in British homes and stores in the heart of industrial Britain: one of these, made by Indian prisoners in an Indian gaol during the reign of Queen Victoria—said to be the largest one-piece carpet in the world—adorns today the banqueting hall of Windsor Castle.

Again, the Brahman, the ancient and exclusive custodian of knowledge is such by birth. He is priest, teacher, and lawyer, and he was the backbone of the village Panchayat, the village council, the ancient forerunner of modern democracy. A thousand years before Roman Law was born, Brahman jurists were defining Indian customs. And centuries later, Brahman lawyers were advising Hindu Kings and Mogul Emperors and controlling their autocracy—not by force of interest but by ancient jurisprudence. According to Megasthenes, the Greek ambassador to the Court of King Chandra Gupta from 306 to 298 B.C., the peoples of India were divided into 'philosophers, husbandmen, shepherds,

artisans, soldiers, and the counsellors of the King'. The counsellors were mostly Brahmans well versed in law and philosophy. Hindu Law was something to be feared and respected. It was sacred and divine in its origin.

King Asoka

King Asoka, the grandson of Chandra Gupta, was no less indebted to Brahman ministers. Apart from the numerous councils he had summoned during his regime, he founded a State Department with a Minister of Justice and Religion which helped to curb, however slightly, his autocratic tendencies. His edicts, still graven upon pillars, caves, and rocks throughout India, bear the stamp of law and learning, affording ample proof that Brahman jurists as counsellors, ministers, judges, philosophers, and religious leaders had made themselves indispensable to his Court. As for Akbar the Great, his conversion to a policy of religious toleration was due to his Brahman ministers.

For better or worse, Hinduism is the one completely tolerant religion known to the human race. I say 'better or worse', because it has the defects of this quality and the qualities of these defects. This does not mean that Hindus are always tolerant. It does mean that ideologies can always be absorbed and assimilated without disrupting the social structure. Perhaps the best known instance of the method is the village which some years ago was found to have instituted a new devotion to a new god, whose name was Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The least of the virtues generated by this kind of hospitality is a natural resistance to fanaticism. The cruelties in Indian society have been the fruit of inertia, not of dogma. Its wisdom is that of age and patience.

The arrival of a different jurisprudence from the West between 1793 and 1947 did not break this psycho-momic structure. The new law took charge of areas which the ancient laws—of Manu and Narada—had neglected. There was enough European ferment to create a demand for independence but not to start a new India. And the very operation of reconciling East and West in terms of ancient customs and modern legislation was a lawyer's operation. It was a matter of discussion and litigation. We argued but we did not fight. We accepted ancient and modern as always, absorbed what we wanted, and modified or passively resisted where we did not absorb. This, too, was a lawyer's habit of mind.

In all the years I practised at the Privy Council I knew of no instance where eminent English judges sitting in judgment over Indian cases had directed their minds in respect of them on English legal and procedural lines. The law they applied to them was strictly the ancient customary and religious law of India. One instance of this in my own experience was when a *Mahant* or priest claimed some property endowed for purposes of worship as his own, and the contestant was an idol, through its representatives who were its devotees. The idol won.

The Undivided Family

Sometimes there have been cases where Hindu Law has been vague. The Privy Council has then departed from it and an issue has been decided on the ground of 'justice, equity, and good conscience'. But Indian jurists have not been prepared to allow the judges to resort to English Law for guidance beyond certain strict limits. The most distinctive feature of the Hindu Law is the undivided family, known as the Joint Family System. It is not necessarily the most efficient system, but it is a system for conserving rights, for securing inheritance and for maintaining a social pattern. There is a permanence and finality about it unlike the perpetual uprooting and shifting in American society. It is the kind of system which would be thought up by lawyers and not by economists, doctrinaires, ideologists, reformers, or administrators. Again, one simply cannot over-centralize the government where one has this kind of family system, or a population brought up to think of society in this way. To do so would be as ridiculous as a local bureaucrat trying to dissolve these complicated family attachments into a workers' soviet, or an American liberal trying to superimpose upon them a modern version of the doctrine that all men are equal.

In two leading cases of 1877 and 1879 the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council defined the Hindu Law relating to 'coparcener'. A coparcener is the male descendant through the male

line. As such he is a member of the Hindu family. The question before the Privy Council was whether in virtue of this share in the family relationship the coparcener was a partner in the English sense and could be held responsible for debts incurred by other members of the family. It was a question whether the family was to be regarded as an economic unit like a company or as a tribal entity. The English judges, brought up on principles of contractual freedom, decided in favour of the partnership idea. One of the first acts of the Indian Legislature in 1932 was to pass an Act repealing this Western conception, and declaring that 'coparceners' are not partners. Their reason for this repeal was precisely that Hindu society is founded on the joint family system and would be undermined by regarding the family as a private company. The basis of Indian society is not economic but biological, and of Indian religion likewise. It derives not from revelation or reason but from life and nature. All its characteristic beliefs and practices spring from the mystery of generation and the procedure of nature. The question is whether Indian social patterns can be adapted to India's economic requirements without destroying Indian democracy. I think they can.

Economic Revolution

I do not think that the revolution, so-called, in China is really a revolution. The Communist regime with its discipline and organization was only a more intense and wholesale application of principles which the Chinese have always held. They were always utilitarian, always industrious producers, always ready for the kind of regimentation which they have received. Western economic and social discipline, Western ideas of welfare, were really welcome to the mass of the people. In other words, the spiritual factors in a revolution are much more potent than the technical changes. The same is true of India, the other way round. The economic revolution which is certainly coming, like the English jurisprudence which came, will take on the essential character of the ancient civilization. It will absorb not individuals but whole families. It will be state-aided and state-organized but it will be manned and run by Indian Indians for the simple reason that one will not get the productive morale or productive intelligence on any other terms.

Mr. Nehru was educated at Harrow and Cambridge but this does not alter the fact that he is completely Indian. His political detachment and ideological tolerance are both as Indian as they are democratic. At its heart, the notion that power politics are not entirely real, that you can get the better of political passion and political ambition by waiting, that ideological differences are really differences of languages, and that there is room in the world for all the languages man can invent—all this is really Indian of the Indians. Where we should be practical we are probably inclined to be theoretical or idealistic; where we are sometimes expected to act—and act quickly—we are perhaps prone to be dilatory, dogmatic, or philosophic; but all the same, I believe, we know more about peace, patience, and survival than the West can teach us. Our democracy is certainly not a nine-days wonder, but has emerged in its present form after centuries of evolution through trial and error, not to speak of Britain's invaluable impact: and as such, Nehru or no Nehru, it is bound to run its normal and natural course now and for many years to come.—*Third Programme*

THE LISTENER NEXT WEEK

will include

a shortened broadcast version of Sir James Gray's inaugural address as President of the British Association,

an appreciation of Epstein by Alan Clutton-Brock, and Maurice Cranston's second talk on 'What is Democracy?'

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The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1959

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

A 'Virtuous Page'

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE 'lived in two worlds', wrote his biographer Sir Reginald Coupland. One was that of the younger Pitt and the aristocratic politicians who thronged the House of Commons at the start of the last century. The other was the world of intellectuals and idealists, who in the seventeen-nineties began gathering at the house of a prosperous Evangelical, Henry Thornton of Clapham—then a village about four miles south of Westminster Bridge. These men became known as 'the Clapham Sect'. Wilberforce drifted into their society after the spiritual crisis in his life that turned him from ordinary career politics to the broader politics of striving to benefit mankind. In a talk about him which we print today, Professor Asa Briggs has chosen to set Wilberforce in the context of this second world of intellectuals rather than to describe in detail the story of his fight to abolish the slave trade, the crusade which Wilberforce laboured so hard to promote from the time of his conversion until 1833, the year of his cause's triumph and his own death.

The break-up of the European political system which followed the French Revolution happened to coincide in Britain with the political strains of a long war, and with an industrial revolution that affected the economy of the land and the structure of society all over the country. Meanwhile, out of the period of religious toleration of the mid-eighteenth century there had sprung into being a fervour of religious leadership of a new sort. It was a fervour that inspired John Wesley and the Methodists as much as the Quakers and the Evangelicals like Thornton. It was a fervour that had links with the universities and also with the House of Commons. Thornton, like Wilberforce, was a Member of Parliament. Gradually the different groups up and down the country began to discover they had a single motivating force that was common to all. As the present Provost of King's College, Cambridge, has written, 'philanthropy was the magnet that drew them together'.

Not the least achievement of these philanthropists was the successful campaign against slavery. The Act of 1833 abolished slavery throughout British territories with the exception at that time of India and St. Helena. It was a memorial to the early agitations of David Hartley, M.P., and of two other Claphamites and arch-campaigners against slavery, Granville Sharp and Thomas Clarkson, no less than to Wilberforce. The abolition looked back to another Act, that of 1807, when British ships had been forbidden to take part in the slave trade among the nations of the rest of the world; and it looked back to the legal judgment of 1772, when Lord Chief Justice Mansfield had laid down that as soon as a slave set foot in England he became a free man. It looked forward to Abraham Lincoln and the eventual end of slave-trading on the high seas, so that William Lecky could write in his *History of European Morals* that 'the unwearied, unostentatious and inglorious crusade of England against slavery may probably be regarded as among the three or four perfectly virtuous pages comprised in the history of nations'. The success of the anti-slavery movement was also a memorial to what Mr. Cranston calls in THE LISTENER today the influence of dialogue and 'the debate' in a parliamentary democracy. Here was a demonstration that in such a democracy reforms can be carried, even in the face of strong vested interests, by the moulding of public opinion.

What They Are Saying

Towards Arab unity?

WITH THE RESUMPTION of diplomatic relations between Jordan and the United Arab Republic (Egypt and Syria), and a meeting of the Arab League soon to take place, a new attempt to consolidate the Arab world seems to be under way. The Prime Minister of Jordan in a declaration, as broadcast by the Lebanon radio, said that resumption of relations with the United Arab Republic was part of Jordan's determination to expand relations with sister Arab countries, 'to include wider fields than reciprocal co-operation'.

The Syrian radio, for its part, quoted the newspaper *Sawt al Arab*, which welcomed the resumption of relations with Jordan as an essential factor in preserving Arab solidarity 'against imperialism, Zionism, and treacherous and subversive elements'.

Many would, however, regard relations between the United Arab Republic and Iraq as the main key to Arab unity. To judge from recent broadcasts relations between these two governments continue to be bad. Cairo Home Service broadcast an article from *Al Ahram*, by Muhammad Haykal, which was entirely devoted to a kind of psychoanalysis of General Kassim. 'What', asked the writer, 'is the secret of General Kassim?' The article went on:

He is not an Arab nationalist or a Communist or an Iraq nationalist. Then what is he? The simple answer is that he is a Kassimist. Kassim's principle and creed is Kassim himself. Whether he likes it or not he will fall like a ripe apple into the hands of British imperialism. What is now taking place in Iraq must disappear like a passing summer cloud. The future of the homeland is created by beliefs and principles and not by love of oneself.

The Iraqi radio, on its side, reminded its home listeners that General Kassim had crushed imperialism in Iraq and warned the world press against the Middle East News Agency (MENA) as an organization run by the Egyptian government.

The Imam of Yemen, a country which entered a form of federal union with the United Arab Republic in 1958, recently returned to his country from receiving medical treatment in Rome. A few days after his return the Israeli radio said:

The Imam of the Yemen declared today that he has no intention whatever of joining any union with another Arab State. Correspondents report from Aden that the authorities in the Yemen have arrested more than 100 persons, including army officers and other ranks, most of them Cairo supporters. The correspondents further report that the Imam of the Yemen is expected to expel the United Arab Republic experts who have come to the Yemen in the guise of advisers and instructors.

Three days later the Yemeni radio in a broadcast to the 'Occupied South' (meaning the Aden Protectorate of Britain) took up this very theme, saying that its attention had been drawn to 'articles published in certain imperialist newspapers in Aden':

The imperialist trumpets and press tried to make public opinion believe that His Majesty's warning denoted his dissatisfaction with the Federal Union between the Yemen and the United Arab Republic. The warning, as every citizen of the north and the south, every Arab, understands, was addressed to those who desire the false federation which Britain has imposed on the southern Yemeni provinces.

And the broadcast ended—somewhat enigmatically one may think—'God is great! Long live the Yemen's natural federation!'

On a more mundane level, Radio Moscow in Arabic put out a broadcast by seven Arab students (from Syria, Jordan, and the Sudan) commenting on 'some strange complaints by certain female Arab students about living conditions in Moscow University', which had been published in the Egyptian newspaper *Al Ahram*. One of the Arab student-broadcasters said:

As to the complaint about food, this is pure fabrication because the Soviet Union is rich in food, particularly in winter. Another complaint is of lack of cosmetics. These are plentiful in the shops. The female students say the rooms and windows are too small. The windows in the rooms of Moscow University are very large. I would use the window to get in and out, if my room was on the ground floor.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

FLYING OVER THE BARRENS

'A FEW WEEKS AGO I was flying low over some of the strangest country on earth', said JOHN ALLDRIDGE, special correspondent of *The Manchester Evening News*, in a talk in 'Children's Hour' (North of England Home Service). 'There is 10,000 square miles of it. In the geography books it is set down as "arctic tundra", but the old pioneers who opened up Canada's far north called it the Barren Lands.

'It is a wilderness of ice and snow, with here and there an ice-blue lake and an island of bare brown rock breaking the dazzling whiteness. Nothing could live down there, one would think—certainly not a man. Yet somehow men do live there—for a few feet below the surface of that forbidding land lies the richest Tom Tiddler's ground on the face of the earth. There is gold enough to fill every bank in the world—and there is copper, too, and zinc and uranium—if one could only get it out.

'That is why we were flying over that desolate land. We were taking supplies from Yellowknife to the miners at Taucanis on one of the 10,000 frozen lakes out there in the Barrens. Stacked below in the belly of our Bristol freighter were six tons of fuel and food. Out there on the lake seventy-five men depended on us for their very lives.

'In the aeroplane it is like sitting in an upturned goldfish bowl drifting through a sky of duck egg blue. Beside me Max Ward, the pilot, is humming a tune from *Gigi*. Behind me Alf Olsen, the flight engineer, is reading a Western magazine. The wonder to me is that Max can find his way, for there are no radio aids out here; no large-scale maps. Lakes and rocks are covered under a vast, trackless blanket of snow. But Max has been flying the Barren Lands for fifteen years and knows them as well as any man is likely to. Sure enough, in ten minutes he points dead ahead; and there, sticking up out of the snow like a beckoning finger, is a mine's headgear. We come down and run in through a



Old and new in the north of Canada: a Fort Rae Indian bringing his dog team in to Yellowknife, on the Great Slave Lake, and, behind him, a ski-plane coming in to land on the ice

ragged avenue of oil-drums. The Bristol's nose drops open and the fuel oil and the boxes of pork and beans and coffee are rolled out.

'Twenty minutes later we are airborne again, heading for home. The whole operation had taken three hours from start to finish. Max Ward does it three times a week, month in and month out, and thinks nothing of it. But for bush-pilots like him there could be no life in the north'.

THE VANISHED TRAMS OF LONDON

'The London tram to me is as extinct as a prehistoric monster', said FREDERICK WILLIS in a talk in the Home Service. 'I cannot say I am sorry. The bus has traditions: it is the direct descendant of the stage-coach, the ancient inn, beef, beer, and the spirit of Old England, but the tram is a plebeian, and the product of Victorian utilitarianism. However, the Victorian horse tram was reliable, and reliability took priority in that great age. At that time I lived in Peckham and I recall clearly the three lines of trams which took us to the City, Westminster, and Waterloo in about twenty minutes—quicker than any motor-bus could do the journey today.

'The trams ran in strict rotation every few minutes—red for Blackfriars, green for Westminster, and yellow for Waterloo. The horse tram had wooden seats which, if they were on the open top, got saturated on wet days. We had protection from the elements inside, but it was considered effeminate for a boy to enter that choice saloon: this was reserved for the old, female, or infirm. Inside were the same hard seats, but as an acknowledgment of the more delicate passengers the company partly covered the seats with a strip of threadbare carpet that would have shamed a workhouse.

'I think the tram first made its appearance in 1801, and ran from Croydon to Wandsworth carrying chalk to the barges on the river. It was invented by Benjamin Outram, and the word "tram" was simply an abbreviation of his name. About sixty years later it was used for passenger service between Bayswater and Hyde Park Corner. After a slow start it became so popular as a form of cheap transport that it spread all over England and



Horse tram of 1900

beyond. The pioneer of the passenger tram was a man called George Train.

'Tram conductors were overworked and underpaid and, accordingly, not the jesters we find on the buses today. Their coat of office consisted of a blue reefer with brass buttons. The only attention the company seemed to pay to the fit of these coats was to see that the smallest men had the largest coats and vice-versa. Conductors never polished the brass buttons, with the result that their tarnished appearance corresponded with the whole outfit, especially as the trousers were left to private enterprise.

'When the electric tramways started operations our troubles began. First, all the roads where tramways ran were in a state of chaos for years while the underground cables were being laid. Breakdowns and blocked lines occurred every morning and the streets were filled with breathless people running to work. But when the electric trams did arrive we thought them palatial and well worth the travail endured to get them. The L.C.C. at first insisted that the new, gleaming tramcars should never be disfigured by advertisements, but financial realism soon taught them that this was a counsel of perfection impossible to carry out.

'This renunciation of advertisements was not all. A wave of puritanism swept the council, and they banished the names of taverns from their tickets. Names that had been London landmarks for centuries no longer appeared. The Bricklayers' Arms became Tower Bridge Road, and the Old Dun Cow

lost its identity in the more dignified Grange Road. The council even looked with suspicion upon the Elephant and Castle, but to abolish that time-honoured name would have meant revolution, so it remained. Workmen's tickets were twopence return any distance; this meant that when the tramways were extended to Woolwich a workman who lived there but worked in London travelled over twenty miles a day for twopence'.

EAST IS EAST, BUT WHERE IS NORTH?

'A group of Japanese scientists have reported that the north pole was once in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, 3 degrees north and 127 degrees west', said ANTHONY SMITH in 'Science and Industry' in the General Overseas Service.

'It was the magnetic north pole they were talking about, which does not remain in the same place two years running, though nowadays it does stay fairly near the true north pole.

'The period in history which the Japanese scientists are referring to was between 500 and 1,000 million years ago. They came to their conclusion after studying the magnetism in some extremely old rocks. When something, such as a lump of soft iron, is magnetized, the molecules tend to line themselves up. These molecules will remain lined up unless something knocks them out of position. When these old rocks were laid down, the earth's own magnetic field had an effect upon them. The earth itself is a kind of colossal magnet and can line up molecules in the same sort of way as any magnet can. It did so with these rocks, and somehow a fraction of that old magnetic effect has remained in the rocks. If the rocks are examined carefully it is possible to calculate where magnetic north and south were when the rocks were laid down, when they were sufficiently

molten for their molecules to be able to move about most freely.

'Considering how much the magnetic north has shifted about in comparatively recent years, the Japanese discovery is not as surprising as it might appear. The magnetic north is still about 10 degrees west of north, but it is travelling eastwards by a fraction of a degree every year. In fact it seems to be travelling from side to side of the true pole with a gigantic wobble that takes 480 years to achieve'.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA

'It was the South Atlantic between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena at five o'clock on a dark and cloudy afternoon in 1848', said RICHARD CARRINGTON in 'Today'. 'Her Majesty's corvette "Daedalus" was ploughing through a long ocean swell on her way to England after a three-year absence on the East Indies station. The Commander, Captain Peter M'Quhae, was pacing the quarter deck with the navigating officer. Another officer and a midshipman named Sartoris were keeping watch from the bridge.

'Sartoris suddenly pointed to a strange object approaching from before the beam. It was moving towards them at about twelve knots and was soon clearly visible. It had the appearance of an enormous serpent, swimming with its head and shoulders raised about four feet above the surface of the sea. At the very least sixty feet of the animal was visible in a straight line on the surface, and in spite



The engraving published in *The Illustrated London News* of October 28, 1848, showing the sea serpent passing close to H.M.S. 'Daedalus'

of its speed it did not appear to be propelling itself forward by either vertical or horizontal movements of the body. Its colour was dark brown, with some yellowish-white markings about the throat. On its back was a mane like that of a horse. The animal was in full view for nearly twenty minutes, and passed within a few yards of the ship's quarter. As Captain M'Quhae wrote later to Admiral Sir William Gage at Devonport: "Had it been a man of my acquaintance I should have easily recognized his features with the naked eye".

'We may imagine the Admiral's consternation when he received this report from one of his most trusted officers. Had M'Quhae gone off his head? The whole thing was extremely embarrassing and would have to be reported at once to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. When the "Daedalus" docked at Plymouth, on October 4, the captain's statement was confirmed word for word by the three other officers. It was found that the sea serpent had also been seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel. Their accounts agreed with the others in every respect.

'Reporters queued up to interview M'Quhae and the members of his crew. *The Illustrated London News* published a picture of the animal, carefully drawn under the captain's direction. Zoologists were, in general, sceptical. The creature was obviously a rorqual, wrote one authority. Another was equally certain it was a giant squid. Even the great anatomist Sir Richard Owen asserted that the "serpent" was simply a seal that had strayed from its normal habitat.

'It is still a mystery, and the existence of sea serpents cannot be finally proved until someone takes a good photograph of one—or, better still, brings one back alive to the Zoo'.

What is Democracy?

MAURICE CRANSTON asks who are the sovereign people*

IT is often said of Woodrow Wilson that he was extremely naïve in thinking that democracy was a universal panacea, the best political system for any and every society. Perhaps he was naïve, but the fact remains that democracy is today a panacea universally desired. Nearly every country in the world either claims to be democratic or to be on the way to becoming democratic, and régimes which are not democratic are consciously, often anxiously, resisting democracy. The very word 'democracy' has acquired universal prestige; something it did not possess, even in England, a hundred years ago.

Despite this general attachment to the idea of democracy, there is clearly no general agreement as to which political societies deserve to bear the name. I am thinking not only of the chronic argument between those who maintain that the communist East is democratic and the capitalist West undemocratic and those who hold the contrary opinion; I am thinking also of those more complex, but not less interesting, disputes as to whether, for example, Periclean Athens, where so many of the inhabitants were excluded from citizenship, was a true democracy, or whether such pluralist societies of the present day as South and central Africa, where there is no electoral equality, are democracies; whether even Switzerland, where the women have no vote, can be considered to be genuinely democratic.

Wanted: a Test for Authenticity

What is evidently needed is some criterion, some test for determining the authenticity of a claim that any given political system is a democratic one. The difficulty here is not that of defining the word. 'Democracy' means in English what it meant in the Greek from which it is transliterated, 'the rule of the people'. The difficulty lies in giving a true and clear account of what 'the rule of the people' entails.

It seems to me that the biggest mistake made in this connexion is to assume that 'the rule of the people' means 'the rule of the majority'. The expression 'the people' does not mean 'some people' or 'most people', but the 'people as a whole', and this necessarily includes the minority as well as the majority. Hence if the minority has no share in ruling, a system cannot properly be considered a democratic one.

The mistaken belief that democracy means the rule of the majority is exceedingly widespread, and it has vitiated a great deal that has been said about the subject. On the one hand, champions of majority rule have seen themselves as champions of democracy; while, on the other, critics of majority rule have supposed themselves to be critics of democracy. For example, when communists claim to be democrats they are claiming that the dictatorship of the proletariat, which is their goal, is the fulfilment of democracy. Their case is a simple one. They argue that since the proletariat constitutes a permanent numerical majority in an industrialized capitalist society, the rule of the proletariat is the same thing as the rule of majority, and hence the same thing as democracy. This is an important argument, and it cannot be refuted by demonstrating that in all existing communist societies it is the party, not the proletariat, which rules; the crucial point is that if democracy means the rule of a permanent majority, and if the proletariat forms such a majority, then its rule (if not its dictatorship) is democracy. The only effective refutation is to be found in showing that democracy is *not* the rule (let alone the dictatorship) of the majority.

Much the same thing has to be said in answer to the critics on the right, to those who think that a case can be made against democracy if a case is made against the rule of the majority. Almost every critic of democracy from Plato onwards has addressed himself to the dangers of majority rule. Indeed their argument has almost always been the same argument: the majority of men are ignorant, democracy means the rule of the

majority, therefore democracy means the rule of the ignorant, and the rule of the ignorant is bound to be bad. This right-wing argument is really very like the left-wing argument, for it is just as much a class argument. Where the left envisages and recommends the rule of a permanent majority of workers, the right visualizes and dreads the rule of a permanent majority of the ignorant. Both think they are talking about democracy; in truth neither of them is.

A Political Doctrine

Democracy is a political doctrine, not a class doctrine. Marx may have been correct in everything he said about the identity of material interest among the members of the proletariat; but politics has to do with opinions as well as with material interests. In opinion, a man sometimes thinks with the bulk of his fellows and sometimes with the few; and this is the case whether he is a proletarian or a bourgeois or a nobleman. Whatever a man may be as an economic animal, as a thinking animal he is sometimes a member of the majority and sometimes a member of the minority. In opinion there is no permanent majority. Assuredly there are some people—bohemians and so forth—who think more often with the minority than others; and likewise some, rather more, who cling tenaciously to conventional beliefs, to *idées reçues*, majority opinion; but nobody is always with the majority or always with the minority.

Someone may suggest at this point that although democracy does not mean the rule of a permanent majority, it does nevertheless mean the rule of the majority; he may grant that it is a mistake to confuse democracy with the rule of a class-conscious proletariat and a mistake to confuse democracy with the rule of an ignorant mob, and yet maintain that democracy can be defined only in terms of the majority, albeit a shifting majority. The argument here is, broadly, that although democracy means in theory 'the rule of the people', it means in practice the rule of whoever happens to constitute the majority on every issue which arises. This argument is nearer the mark than the others I have mentioned; but it is still fallacious.

The Method of Debate

It seems to me that it is not enough to define 'democracy' by words alone; it must be defined by its methods. And it is certainly one of the methods of democracy to accept, as final, the decision of the majority on the various issues which arise. But this is not the whole method of democracy. Democracy is being confused with majority rule as a result of concentrating on what is only a part of these methods. Let us look at the question historically. In the history of our own country we can see that what we call the coming of democracy has been the progressive extension to every person of the right to choose a representative in parliament. Parliamentary government came first, democracy afterwards. But what does parliamentary government mean? It would be manifestly false to define it simply as legislation by the majority in parliament. Of course parliament votes, and of course the decision of the majority settles the questions. But members of parliament do not spend all their time trooping in and out of the division lobbies. They spend nearly all their time talking. The very name of parliament—from the old French, *parole-le-ment*, or 'speak the mind'—affords the best clue to its nature. Parliamentary government means legislation by the whole House, and this phrase can be given meaning in terms of method of parliament, which is the method of debate or dialogue. Spokesmen of the minority, or minorities, participate in this dialogue just as freely as spokesmen of the majority. The vote comes at the end; but what comes at the end is not necessarily what lies at the heart of a system. The debate is more important

* The first of two talks

than the division. For it is the debate that makes it possible for opinions to be formulated and exchanged; the debate enables representatives of different points of view to persuade one another of the merits of their case; the debate affords a constant possibility of adjustment and compromise. In this process, the minority, which may not always be conscious of itself as a minority, participates on equal terms.

What is true of the parliamentary system is true of democracy in general. Each can be defined in terms of its method, and, in both cases, that method is the method of dialogue. It is an essential characteristic of democracy that the decision of the majority shall be accepted at those times when decisions are taken, and it is a no less important characteristic of democracy that everybody has a share in the dialogue which precedes the taking of decisions.

Extended Right of Decision

Democracy, in other words, is a form of government by discussion. The parliamentary system which existed in England at the time of restricted suffrage, the conciliar system of the Vatican, the controlling boards of many industrial corporations are other forms of government by discussion. They also use the method of dialogue in which decisions are reached through the free interchange of opinion. But these are deliberations in which a limited number of people share, which are often conducted in private, though many outside the discussion are affected by the decisions reached. The special characteristic of democracy is that it opens the discussion and extends the right of decision to everyone. It is this fact that everyone shares in the dialogue which enables us to speak of democracy as 'the rule of the people as a whole'.

When Rousseau attacked the parliamentary system of government in eighteenth-century England he was right in calling it undemocratic, but wrong in thinking it wholly inimical to democracy. It was undemocratic in the sense that it was exclusive; it denied the principle of universal participation. But it did uphold the principle of government by dialogue, indeed of public dialogue, and of freedom; it upheld the first principle which democracy entails, even though it denied the second; and so the English parliamentary system had only to be reformed to provide a democratic system; it did not have, like the despotic constitutions of other nations, to be abolished altogether.

I have spoken of freedom; and that is obviously essential if democracy is understood as government by discussion in which everyone participates. Theorists who have analysed democracy in other terms have not always seen the necessity of freedom. Aristotle did. Even Aristotle, who did so much to perpetuate the idea that democracy is adequately defined as 'government by the many', saw that there could not be democracy without free speech and he marked this down as one of the merits of democracy. But many of Aristotle's successors in political theory have taken a different line. They have argued that not only can there be democracy without liberty, but even that democracy is antithetical to liberty.

'Totalitarian Democracy'

The expression 'totalitarian democracy' has gained some currency in recent years. It is easy to see the reason for this. In the first place one needs some means of distinguishing those forms of totalitarian government that rest on naked force alone from those that enjoy the general assent of the majority of the people who live under them. Some totalitarian régimes are much more acceptable to their subjects than are others. The present communist system in China appears to be much more acceptable to the majority of Chinese people than the Rakosi régime in Hungary was acceptable to the majority of Hungarians. It may not be fair to give the two systems the same name. But this is not to say we are entitled to call the present system in China, or any other totalitarian country, a democratic one. For at best these systems can claim to rest on the assent of the majority of the people, the assent of the majority of a people whose thinking is carefully controlled by propaganda and censorship. Such assent of an ill-informed majority can in no rational sense be described as the rule of the people.

The people as a whole cannot be said to rule unless they can talk to one another, know what they are talking about and hear

what others have to say. There may be universal suffrage in a totalitarian society, but unless there is freedom—and by definition no totalitarian society can be a free society—there cannot be democracy. Universal suffrage is a necessary condition of a democratic state, but it is far from being a sufficient condition. For what is the value of a vote in a country where there is only one party to vote for? Or in a country where the régime and its servants are corrupt? Or in a country where the people are not allowed to organize centres of opinion? In a society where dissent is a crime? What, in other words, is the significance of a vote where there is no dialogue?

In Bulgaria there is universal suffrage: the women can vote as well as the men. In Switzerland there is not universal suffrage: the vote is confined to the men. But are we to say that Bulgaria is closer to democracy than Switzerland? I believe we should not, and that it is only through thinking of democracy in terms of counting heads that anyone could be led into saying anything of the kind. That is why it is necessary to define democracy in terms of its whole procedure, and to emphasize again the principle of dialogue before the principle of numbers.

Need for Spokesmen

I have said more against those I think of as the left-wing usurpers of the name of democrat than I have said against the right-wing critics of democracy. At bottom, their argument usually rests on the same arithmetical analysis of democracy, which is mistaken; but the right-wing argument also rests on a fear of being dominated by the ignorant, which their mistaken analysis of democracy leads them to exaggerate. Every democratic society larger than a committee must, and does, find spokesmen. This is true even of the old Greek city states and of those small Swiss cantons where legislation is still enacted by *Landesgemeinden*, or assemblies of the entire citizenry. It was not practicable for every one of the 40,000 Greek citizens of Athens, nor is it for every one of the 35,000 Swiss citizens of Glarus today, to take a vocal part in their assemblies: the few speak for the many.

In every democracy, whether it is the direct democracy in a small political unit or the representative democracy of the large nation state, articulate persons predominate. Precisely because the method of democracy is the method of dialogue, the good talkers, the quick thinkers, the clever publicists are pushed into places of responsibility. Such persons are not always the wisest or most noble in the community; but they are, in general, well above the average in intelligence. They have to have, no doubt, some special appeal to the ignorant, to whom, as well as on behalf of whom, they speak. But the fact that a policy is pleasing to the ignorant does not mean that it is a foolish policy. As Aristotle said, the common people know very little, but they possess a certain common sense and common decency; they have not the wit to think out policies themselves, but they can judge the success or failure of policies which more expert minds initiate; they are the wearers, and can tell where the shoe pinches. They recognize and admire people who are more intelligent than they are themselves.

If the more articulate members of a community formed a coherent and united class with a common interest, democracy would probably relapse into the rule of that intelligent minority; even as it is, the democracies of the modern world are much closer to this fate than they are to the much-canvassed dangers of mob rule. Far from oppressing the cultured minority, or any other minorities, democracy gives more of them more scope to have their way than any other system does. This is the lesson of experience: it might also have been derived from an analysis of the concept of democracy, if the concept had been accurately analysed.

—Third Programme

[Next week Maurice Cranston will discuss 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity'.]

The September number of *The Unesco Courier*, price 1s., is devoted to the theme 'broadcasting without barriers' and includes an article by George Coddington Jr. of the University of Pennsylvania on 'The Freedom to Listen'.

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Methodism and the Trade Unions, by Robert F. Wearmouth, has been published by the Epworth Press (6s.).

'The Shrimp Became a Whale'

ASA BRIGGS on William Wilberforce, who was born 200 years ago

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE is one of the great names of English history, but he is usually thought of as a man with one idea, or rather with one ideal—the abolition of slavery. In fact he had many ideas and a few guiding moral principles. He believed firmly that the same basic principles which provided the foundation of the case for the abolition of slavery provided the foundation for much else besides.

His principles are shared by many people of many countries today, but his achievement can be measured and understood only if it is related to the peculiar circumstances of his times, times of great economic, political and social change. In England the industrial revolution was transforming the structure of society and men's ideas about controlling their destiny; overseas, new empires were being won and there were violent clashes of interest. In Europe, the French Revolution began with a declaration of the rights of man and ended in prolonged international war. Wilberforce was never the prisoner of these circumstances, and without his presence—and the presence of men like him—the circumstances would have been different. He never drifted with the stream: he always tried to control it.

He was born 200 years ago, on August 24, 1759, in Hull, a Yorkshire seaport, and his father was a merchant of standing who had twice been mayor of his town. The young Wilberforce's first school was in Hull—the local grammar school—but at the age of seventeen he was sent to study at St. John's College, Cambridge. On leaving Cambridge he soon entered parliament—at the early but then not uncommon age of twenty-one—and in 1784, a year of great political excitement, he enjoyed the distinction of being elected Member of Parliament for his native county of Yorkshire. He was clearly a young man of immense talents and promise, a gifted speaker and a lively and witty companion. We have a fascinating pen picture of him at this time, drawn by James Boswell, the chronicler of Dr. Johnson. Boswell heard him speak at York and wrote immediately afterwards: 'I saw what seemed a shrimp mount upon the table, but, as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale'.

In 1784 every knowledgeable observer of English society and politics would have predicted a brilliant political future for Wilberforce: not least because he was a close and intimate friend of England's new young Prime Minister, William Pitt, whom he had first met at Cambridge. Pitt was only in his twenty-fifth year when he became Prime Minister in 1783, but he was to lead his country through enormous economic and social changes as well as through the first phases of the long wars with revolutionary France. Wilberforce remained his close friend, one of the few close friends Pitt ever had, but he chose a very different course of action.

The word 'chose' is perhaps not the right word, for he himself

believed rather that he had been 'chosen'. In 1784 and 1785 he experienced a religious conversion which re-shaped the whole of his life. He reviewed his past activities and found them frivolous and sinful, and he prayed that as a new regenerate man his future activities would be regulated by what he called 'perfect duty to God, myself and my fellow creatures'. Instead of gracing the fashionable world of his age he set out to challenge it and to change it. He was not alone in his resolve, for the Evangelical movement in Protestant Christianity—a movement of which Methodism was one expression—was every day winning new recruits for what was called 'vital religion', a religion of the heart rather than of the mind, a religion which set out to alter lives rather than to repeat phrases. Wilberforce was one of its most distinguished converts, and something of a pioneer in conversion. From 1785 to his death in 1833 he was a dedicated man, seeking guidance in the Bible rather than in secular philosophy, praying before he reached any important decisions, attempting unceasingly to 'elevate' the moral tone both of people he met and people he never met.

He was not an ascetic, however, a man who completely withdrew from the world. He remained a Member of Parliament, independent of outlook but resolute in service. He had a public life as well as a private one. He and his friends thought of themselves as a leaven influencing the lump of society, not working in isolation from it.

Wilberforce's most important religious manifesto was published in 1797. It had as its title *A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of*

Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country contrasted with Real Christianity. The title reflects Wilberforce's main preoccupation—human salvation—and the main obstacle to it: satisfaction with the bogus rather than with the real. To him the biggest contrast of an age of contrasts, including the contrast between rich and poor in a new industrial society, was the contrast between the saved and the damned. This had eternal consequences. All other contrasts were transitory and impermanent. And the saved were saved not by what they said but by what with God's Grace they were.

The urge to abolish slavery fits into this general moral scheme. Before he was committed to abolitionism Wilberforce was already seeking to reform the attitudes and manners of his fellow-countrymen. But he did not see his duty in terms of England alone. He was impressed above all else by the universality of Christianity, its sense of world mission. He took part in establishing the Church Missionary Society in 1800 together with two other well-known Evangelical clergymen, Simeon and Venn. He was particularly concerned, like many of his other Evangelical friends, with India, and he once called the opening up of India to missionary enterprise 'the greatest of all causes', greater even than abolition.

It is impossible to understand the whole conception of 'empire'



William Wilberforce (1759-1833): an unfinished portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

National Portrait Gallery

in the early nineteenth century without understanding its Evangelical underpinning. Of course, there were other kinds of underpinning, and in practice interests proved as powerful as opinions or ideals. Wilberforce, however, broke sharply with the recent past. There is a world of difference between his views on India and the traditional views of the East India Company. 'We have endeavoured', Warren Hastings said, in the name of the Company, 'to adapt our Regulations to the Manners and Understanding of the People and Exigencies of the Country adhering as closely as we were able to their Ancient Usages and Institutions'. This was the exact opposite of what Wilberforce wanted. He sought to change ancient usages even in England when he felt that they did not conform to the will of God, and instead of adapting regulations to manners he was prepared to change manners by regulation. In this sense he was far from being a conservative, as he was in matters relating to the British economy. He believed without any doubt that God had ordained that there should be rich and poor, but he believed also that where matters of salvation or 'vital religion' were concerned, government should not hesitate to interfere with traditional social institutions.

Slavery and the Desire for Profits

Slavery was a traditional social institution in many parts of the world, although its eighteenth-century mainspring, for Europeans at least, was economic: the desire for profits. In pressing for its abolition Wilberforce had to face a powerful array of entrenched economic interests in England and abroad. His main allies were religious men who believed that the slave trade was contrary not so much to the rights of man as to the laws of God. Many Quakers had condemned slavery before the rise of the Evangelical movement, and in 1783, before Wilberforce's conversion, a standing committee of six Quakers was appointed to carry on continuous propaganda 'for the relief and liberation of the Negro slaves in the West Indies and for the discouragement of the slave trade on the Coast of Africa'. In 1784 they prepared a pamphlet, *The Case of our Fellow-Creatures, the oppressed Africans*, and two years later Thomas Clarkson, one of the most energetic crusaders in the rising abolitionist cause, wrote his famous prize essay on Negro slavery. In 1787 the Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade was founded, with Granville Sharpe as its secretary and with Quakers as its leading committee members. It deliberately placed abolition of the trade before emancipation.

The Society needed a parliamentary spokesman, a man who would not be afraid to press the abolitionist case in face of opposition on both sides of the House of Commons and from many of its leading personalities. Wilberforce had four outstanding qualifications to assume a position of parliamentary leadership in the movement: his experience of the House of Commons, his recognized skill as an orator, his powerful religious convictions,

and his position of genuine independence. Pitt was among the influential people who persuaded Wilberforce that abolition was a 'subject' pre-eminently 'suited to his character and talents'. Once persuaded, he combined resolution and independence.

His first great speech on the subject in parliament was in 1789, the year of the French Revolution. It lasted for three and a half hours, and Burke said that in manner of presentation it was comparable with 'the remains of Grecian eloquence'. It did not carry the day, however, nor did many other speeches by Wilberforce and his friends during the next twenty years. The French Revolution, which was such a dramatic turning-point in the history of human liberty, actually retarded the progress of the abolitionist cause in England itself. Most causes were suspect, and in the last year of the eighteenth century, after all his strenuous efforts, Wilberforce confessed to the House of Commons that the prospects of abolition seemed more slender than when he had first taken up the campaign in 1787. It was only after the death of Pitt and the return to power of his chief opponent, Charles James Fox, that parliament passed the law of 1807 abolishing the British slave trade, the shipping and sale of slaves. The emancipation of the slaves was still to come, and foreign trade still continued. A great victory had been gained, but as one of his friends wrote to him: 'Pharaoh may follow your steps, and aim at some abridgement of the deliverance'.

Wilberforce retired from the parliamentary leadership of the anti-slavery movement in 1821, two years before the formation of a new Anti-Slavery Society. He died in July 1833 three days after hearing that the second reading of the Bill for the abolition of slavery had passed through the House of Commons. Its successful passage in the year of Wilberforce's death had a symbolic quality about it. 'Thank God', Wilberforce wrote, 'that I should have witnessed a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery'. Speaking in the House of Commons the Colonial Secretary, Lord Stanley, had already chosen the appropriate Biblical text: 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace'.

Historians of the abolitionist movement must concern themselves with economic as well as religious questions, with those movements of industry and trade which interested Wilberforce relatively little. On the bicentenary of his birth, however, it is more appropriate to look at the man himself, the spare, frail-looking figure whom Boswell saw grow from a shrimp into a whale. His body was weak, but his spirit was indomitable. His real strength was moral strength, and it was his faith which determined his judgment. It underlay not only his efforts to fight slavery but all his public acts at home and abroad. Long before he died it was said of him that 'he was already sanctified and immortalized in the memories of all good men'.

—General Overseas Service

(also broadcast in the North of England Home Service)

Le Corbusier's Masterpiece?

FATHER ILLTUD EVANS, O.P., on the monastery being built at L'Arbresle

IT was on a visit to the Carthusian monastery of Ema in Tuscany in 1907 that Le Corbusier, so he tells us, first formulated his idea of the *unité d'habitation*: that the essential problem of architecture is a human one, in which the needs of the individual must be related to those of the community to which he belongs. The resolution of the problem is indeed vividly expressed in any Charterhouse, where each monk is a solitary, with a little house of his own—one room for work and eating, one for sleep, and one for prayer. But all are arranged round a common cloister, and on Sundays and festivals the monks come together to pray and to eat. They are hermits and yet are social beings: and the very architecture of their monasteries is proof of it.

Nearly fifty years later, when Le Corbusier's early intuitions had long since developed into the immense achievements of Mar-

seilles and Chandigarh, he was invited to return to the monastic source of his first inspiration. For the Dominicans of the Province of Lyons decided in 1953 to ask him to plan for them a monastery and church for a community of a hundred friars. It was to be a house of studies for future priests, a setting for the seven arduous years of training for the Dominican work of preaching, which from the beginnings of the Order, 700 years ago, has always meant an exact intellectual discipline within the context of the monastic life of prayer and silence. It was, therefore, to contain as well as a church all the usual features of a priory: cells for the professors and the students and the lay brothers responsible for the material needs of the house; lecture halls; common rooms; chapter house; and refectory.

The choice of Le Corbusier, which in the circumstances was courageous and even unlikely, was due to the influence of Père



The monastery at L'Arbresle, Lyons, during construction

Couturier, a Dominican priest, himself an artist, the friend of Braque, Léger, and Chagall, whose brilliant criticism in the revue *Art Sacré*, which he edited, had already done much to redeem the deplorable standards of sacred art in France.

The purpose of a monastery at once imposes a determined pattern on any architect, and Père Couturier had convinced Le Corbusier that the essential requirements of a Dominican priory were rooted in a realistic acceptance of the fact of human dimension: an anticipation, as it were, of the famous theory of the *modulor*, that discovery of Le Corbusier's based on human measurement which he has used in all his architecture. Père Couturier explained to the architect: 'We walk in procession in two rows, we chant office in two rows, we prostrate ourselves full length on the ground. All these things determine the pattern and dimensions of the places where we pray and work and eat. You see, it's something entirely up your street! It is simply an exercise in human scale'. And perhaps the most interesting thing about the priory of La Tourette, now virtually finished, is its fundamental respect for monastic tradition, though this is expressed in a wholly original treatment that soars far out of the range of the usual architectural solution of such a problem. And 'soars' is the verb for this building, floating as it seems to do, set on its stilts on a sharply falling hillside screened by thick woods, fifteen miles north-west of Lyons, with the distant mountains of the Beaujolais giving definition to a rich landscape of vineyards, meadows, and avenues of trees.

The priory of La Tourette is perhaps the most lucid of all Le Corbusier's statements of architecture as determined by the given factors of human dimension and a community's needs. Here a hundred men are to live and work and pray together. They lead their single lives indeed, but they are a brotherhood in which, as St. Augustine remarks, the test must always be whether the common good is preferred to the individual's selfish interests. The motive of their coming together is that unity which only the virtue of charity can command. It was an English Dominican, Father Vincent McNabb, who remarked that unless a monastery is a home with a small 'h', it will very soon become a 'Home' with a capital 'H' instead. This Le Corbusier has instinctively realized at La Tourette. The very structure of the building, as you see it from afar, is, as it were, a conjugation of the verb 'to live', from the singular up above

to the plural down below.

The classical four-sided structure is preserved: three wings for habitation, which look out on to the countryside and the sun, in contrast to the fourth side, the church, which is a single block of concrete, severe and uncompromising, set a little apart, for, as the architect has remarked, 'architecture is like music: it must have its intervals of silence'. On his first visit to the site Le Corbusier at once sketched a design that began with the roof, flat, covered with grass—so providing a natural insulation. The two floors immediately below are devoted to a hundred individual cells, each with a loggia looking outwards to the world of nature. And each cell is made to the exact measurement of the *modulor*, with the landscape framed by

glass and the balcony beyond. The walls throughout are of concrete, plain and unadorned. At the next level below come the rooms devoted to the sectional work and recreation of the community: and, since this is primarily a house of study, this means a library (which looks inwards to the cloister square), lecture rooms, common rooms for professors, students, and lay brothers. On the ground floor is the setting of the community as a whole: the refectory, where all come to eat, and the chapter house where the community gathers for formal occasions.

The plan, therefore, is a traditional one, determined, as Le Corbusier has explained, by the requirements of Dominican life and the detailed provisions of the Order's legislation. The treatment, however, is a masterly example of Le Corbusier's capacity—to quote his own words—'to cut through the complexities in order to attain simplicity'. The question is entirely a human one: to devise a building that will nourish the life of prayer and study, for these, after all, are human activities that need a framework of balance and repose. A further problem is to reconcile the needs of the individual with his function as a member of a community. And that tension, healthy if it is accepted as a sign of life but disastrous if it is not seen as a practical implication of fraternal charity, has its outward and visible form in terms of volume and space. And always there is the overriding consideration of religious



The refectory

poverty: a way of life that demands the surrender by the individual of his own title to ownership or profit, not merely as a negation of created good but rather as its affirmation in the light of the organic life of the community. Hence the need for a building that is honest and durable. Religious poverty should never be a synonym for the suspect or the seedy. But it does demand above all else an economy of means, and here the use throughout of reinforced concrete—Le Corbusier's *béton loyal*—has its positive message to convey. Nothing is covered or concealed.

Peace, the Common Life, and Poverty

The very appearance of the monastery is a symbol of these three factors—peace, the common life, and poverty—which any architect concerned with building such a place must want to convey. Built of concrete and glass, then, the priory expresses an essential honesty of purpose that is imperative in its effect. Here is nothing extraneous, nothing derived. The monolithic simplicity of the church, set against the open and light rhythms of the living quarters, is a statement of the contemplative peace that is to give meaning to the rest of the building. A central altar dominates this closed place, with its untouched concrete walls rising more than fifty feet to the flat roof, segmented in slabs that recall the roof of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, a Roman church for which Le Corbusier has always had a special love. The walls are blind, apart from some narrow horizontal windows that give light to the monastic choir, but diffused light falls on the altar, directed from an astonishing series of telescopes of concrete—perhaps to call them cannons would give a better idea of their strength—inserted in the roof of a building at the north side of the church, low and semi-circular; an ear, as it seems, attached to the massive head of the church itself. In this 'ear', which from outside gives variety to the otherwise extreme severity of the church, are placed the side altars, so that the main place of prayer is free from secondary things. One altar and absolutely nothing else affirms the central purpose of the church, sacred, set aside, a single, silent place of sacrifice. Never, one can believe, have the ruthless honesty of an architect and of the means at his command been so dramatically revealed.

In contrast, the three wings of the monastery are all light and movement. The façade is a rhythm that asserts the progression from the single to the communal: the two long lines of separate cells, each balcony with its rectangular terrace of pierced concrete, give place below to the glass walls of the common rooms, lecture halls, and, on the lowest floor of all, to the refectory and chapter-house. Here, perhaps, is the most original feature of the whole building: an application of the *modulor* principle which gives exciting variety to a surface that might otherwise seem static and even monotonous. These large rooms and corridors look out on the world of nature through a glass film that is independent of the structure itself. The film is stiffened—to use the architect's own description—by vertical, slender ribs of concrete, irregularly placed it seems at first sight but in fact arranged in a geometric progression of intervals that creates an extraordinarily vigorous rhythm. It is, to use a musical analogy, a counterpoint of varying densities—and the musical comparison is not inapt, for Le Corbusier himself describes the effect as both 'musical' and 'undulating'. He sees this solution as most appropriate for modern glass, for it is governed by rules that have long since regulated the forms of music: the harmony of number and the eloquence of rest.

Simple Strength

The effect, then, from a distance is of a building that is simple but strong, supported on its stilts and columns, square and round, with the occasional fantasy of arcading cut into the patient concrete, giving glimpses from below of grass and a countryside beyond. Within the square one sees the triumph of this building in detail. Here is displayed the full majesty of mass and volume. The traditional cloister, most practical of means to link the separate sections of the priory, is here an extended bridge in the form of a cross, with slender concrete pillars marching beside. There is much in this given square of the structure that at first astonishes and then justifies itself in terms of that play of volumes which

is the secret of Le Corbusier's virtuosity as an architect. Thus one arm of the cloister extends to the atrium, an open esplanade where the whole community can gather before entering the refectory. To its right is a round tower, like the familiar round towers of Ireland, enclosing a staircase: opposite, on stilts, stands the most extraordinary thing of all, the students' oratory, a perfect cube, free-standing, with a pyramidal roof which gives relief to the horizontal emphasis of the cloister and of the window-line of corridors. The entrance to the priory, seen from the cloister, is an open cube, leading to a terrace with a porter's lodge and a group of concrete huts, round and irregularly pierced with small square windows, in which visitors can be received.

The effect within the priory itself is a vindication of Le Corbusier's claim for the fourth dimension of architecture, that of 'ineffable space'. Nowhere is this more strikingly seen than in the refectory, with its glass walls broken by the undulating pattern of concrete intervals and its four huge, round columns. In monastic tradition meals themselves are sacred, and here the perfect proportions of the vast room assert the validity of created good, of which food and drink are symbols.

The building of a monastery as such creates no particular architectural problem, for, as Le Corbusier has always maintained, all architecture is a matter of human dimension, of satisfying the subtle demands of personal life and personal relationships. But it may be that a monastery provides a specially articulate example of a building that is exactly subordinated to a clear purpose, to an ordered life; and it is nowadays particularly a challenge to that 'point of anarchy in our machine civilization' that Le Corbusier warns us we have reached. Now that the priory at La Tourette is virtually complete, one can see in it all the inexorable logic of this great architect's mind at work on a design in which the only restrictions placed on him were those he could respect. Here there has been no question of the jealousies and bureaucratic half-heartedness that have so often destroyed so many of Le Corbusier's plans.

Faithful Interpretation

I had the good fortune to stay for several days recently at La Tourette and in fact to be there when the community moved in to live in the new priory. Perhaps you have to live in a building in order to get to know it as it is, and it is too early to speak of how, so to say, it will 'grow'. But the community of Dominicans who had chosen Le Corbusier to build their home were at one in their admiration for the fidelity with which he had interpreted the Order's purpose. The Dominican Order is old enough not to mind making experiments, and that is not as paradoxical as it may sound.

St. Dominic was himself an innovator of extraordinary courage, concerned as he was to commend the truth to his own generation not only by dialectic but by the example of the monastic life as a school of charity. His methods are as relevant to our own time as they were to the people of that territory, not so far away from La Tourette, where he began the work of the Order that bears his name. 'Hold fast to poverty' was St. Dominic's legacy to his followers, and at La Tourette a vast modern building, so eminently of our time, affirms the essential simplicity, the avoidance of the second-rate and the derived, which true poverty demands. The concrete pillars, bearing the mark of the grain of the wooden planks that have moulded them, are honesty itself. As Le Corbusier has explained: 'Exposed concrete shows the least incidents of the shuttering, the joints of the planks, the fibres and knots of the wood. But these are magnificent to look at; they are interesting to observe, and to those who have a little imagination they add a certain richness'. So, too, the exposed rows of blue-painted pipes, suspended along the corridors, and giving a continuous note of colour to the long lines of white and grey, are altogether fitting in the house of an Order which has 'Veritas' for its device.

St. Thomas Aquinas would surely have appreciated Le Corbusier's insistence that 'the manner of making' is that which decides whether a thing made is good or bad. The logic which has so ruthlessly ordered the very structure of this monastery, and which has rejected all that is pretentious and false, has its counterpart, one might even say, in Aquinas's own achievement.

For he, too, was concerned with presenting the truth in terms that were valid to his own generation. And he, too, for that matter, had to suffer from the stupidities of the academically right-minded.

The La Tourette priory is likely, one may guess, to be counted Le Corbusier's masterpiece, if only because here the strands of his prophetic understanding of the architect's work seem to be most closely knit together. Here, one feels, he has laboured with a love that has been shared by those who commissioned him. In the contemporary debate on sacred art, the priory is certainly a vital statement. At La Tourette, unequivocally declared, is the radical distinction between tradition and mere traditionalism, which are so often confused in any discussion of religious art. Tradition is the discipline which any artist must be glad to accept, and within it the sacred must be expressed in every age. It is an acceptance of the subordination of what is made to the

purpose of its making. Thus a church is governed by the altar and the sacred action that is done there, just as the monastery demands a co-ordination of its separate parts in its communal work. But this does not mean, it cannot mean, a tyranny of styles. We must, says Le Corbusier, banish styles. He goes on to say: 'All we can do is to think of style in itself—that is to say the moral probity of every work that is truly and genuinely creative'.

How ironical it is that sacred art is so often the least honest of all: the one most dominated by feebleness of purpose and the fear of the future. I think the gratitude, not only of architects, but of all who care for the sacred as deserving to be seen as ever new, should go to Le Corbusier and to those who commissioned him, for at La Tourette something very important has happened—a building has gone up to the glory of God, and it is in the truest and noblest sense a building of our time.

—Third Programme

Relativistic Theories of the Universe

By W. B. BONNOR

This is the first of a group of three talks on different theories about the nature and history of the universe. Next week Professor Hermann Bondi will discuss the 'steady state' theory.

UNTIL about thirty years ago it was possible to picture the universe as a static collection of stars and nebulae. There was no scientific reason to believe that it had ever undergone any significant change. The discovery that the universe was expanding meant that this simple view had to be given up, and the theories of cosmology which followed suggested that the past and future of the universe must be very different from the present.

The cosmological theories which have found widespread acceptance are those based on the general theory of relativity, and it is this view of the history of the universe I shall discuss. Some scientists have maintained that relativistic cosmology implies an act of creation in the finite past. This view I regard as mistaken, and I think it arises from defects in the theories which it is our duty to correct. There is one contemporary cosmology—the steady-state theory of Bondi, Gold, and Hoyle—in which, although creation occurs, it appears in a less unsatisfactory way. The final decision between this theory and those following from general relativity must await more precise observations.

Cosmology is built on two main observed phenomena. First, observations of the distant nebulae show that the light we receive from them is redder than that from similar matter in our immediate neighbourhood. This we call the red-shift. The interpretation of this by ordinary physics—called the Doppler effect—is that the nebulae are receding from us at speeds proportional to the magnitudes of their red-shifts.

The second observation of fundamental importance is that the distribution of the nebulae seems to be, on a large scale, the same in all directions of space. This supports an assumption made, in one form or another, by all cosmological theories, and known as the Cosmological Principle. In the cosmology of general relativity, the principle asserts that, at a given time, observers like ourselves on other nebulae would see essentially the same picture of the universe as we do. In making this assumption we ignore local irregularities and think of the universe only on a grand scale.

The Cosmological Principle seems at first sight to conflict with our interpretation of the red-shift—that the nebulae are all receding from our own Milky Way. One might think that this recession implies that we are at the centre of the universe. One of the surprising results of cosmological theory is that there is no contradiction here. Every cosmic observer sees a similar recession of the nebulae, and we are no more at the centre of the universe than our counterparts on other nebulae. The recession of the nebulae is usually known as the expansion of the universe.

In general relativity we prefer to think of space itself expanding and carrying the nebulae with it—like leaves in the wind—and not of nebulae moving away from each other through passive and indifferent emptiness. This is not merely a difference of words: the active role of space in dynamics is one of the main ideas which Einstein brought to physics when he created general relativity.

To tackle any physical problem in general relativity, such as the history of the universe, we have to find an appropriate solution of Einstein's field equations. For cosmology much of the basic work was done between 1917 and 1930 by de Sitter, Friedmann, Lemaitre, and Eddington. The field equations do not give a unique answer to the cosmological problem, and there is a large number of solutions, all candidates to describe the actual universe. Each solution is called a model of the universe.

Two Types of Model

The more plausible models are of two types. The first type predicts that the expansion will continue for ever: the nebulae which we see will get fainter and fainter, and the average density of matter in the universe will continually diminish. According to the second type of model, the expansion is slowing down fairly rapidly, and will eventually change to a contraction. If this is correct, the distant nebulae will one day approach the Earth instead of receding from it, and to observers of that time the light from them will appear more violet than the corresponding terrestrial light, instead of redder. The prospect of this contraction need cause no anxiety, as it would not begin to happen for many thousands of millions of years.

A definite decision about which of the two types of model represents the actual universe cannot be reached without more accurate observations of the red-shift and also of the average density of matter in the universe. The question is so interesting that there is a temptation to 'jump the gun', and to give too much weight to the evidence available now. The present observations are not conclusive, but if with due caution we do allow ourselves to take note of the evidence as it stands at present, we find it slightly in favour of models of the second type.

According to the relativistic models of either type, the expansion started about 8,000 million years ago. We can, from the models, estimate the average density of matter in the universe at any given time. We find that this density becomes greater and greater as we go backwards in time towards the moment the expansion started. At that moment itself, the density is infinite. Moreover, the models suggest no way in which this infinite density could have come about: they give no information about what the universe was like before the expansion started. The trail we have

(continued on page 320)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

August 19-25

Wednesday, August 19

The report of the Radcliffe Committee on Britain's monetary system is published

The miners' unions are told of the National Coal Board's plan to close more pits over the next five years

A British charter aircraft crashes near Barcelona: all twenty-nine passengers (mostly British students) and crew are killed

Thursday, August 20

Warships and aircraft search the sea off south-west England for a new Victor jet bomber missing on a routine test flight

The annual report of the Prison Commissioners says that Britain's prisons were fuller last year than ever before in this century

The Sudanese Union (the Government party in the Sudan) protests against the forthcoming French nuclear tests in the Sahara desert

Friday, August 21

At a special conference the Municipal and General Workers' Union reverses its policy on the hydrogen bomb

Saturday, August 22

Fifteen hundred nuclear underground posts are being built in Britain within the next two years for the Royal Observer Corps

The first football matches of the English season are played in temperatures of up to eighty degrees

Sunday, August 23

M. Debré, the French Prime Minister, says the Algerian problem 'could only be solved France's way' and urges her allies to support her policy

The British Army's first anti-tank guided weapon is to be the Australian missile 'Malkara'

The Soviet Union is to build a 2,500-mile oil pipeline to supply bases in eastern Europe

Thirteenth Edinburgh Festival opens

Monday, August 24

A new British invention for producing electricity, the 'fuel-cell', is demonstrated at Cambridge for the first time

The Dalai Lama says that he has received information that 80,000 Tibetans have been killed by the Chinese

England beats India in the last Test match, thus winning every match in the series

Tuesday, August 25

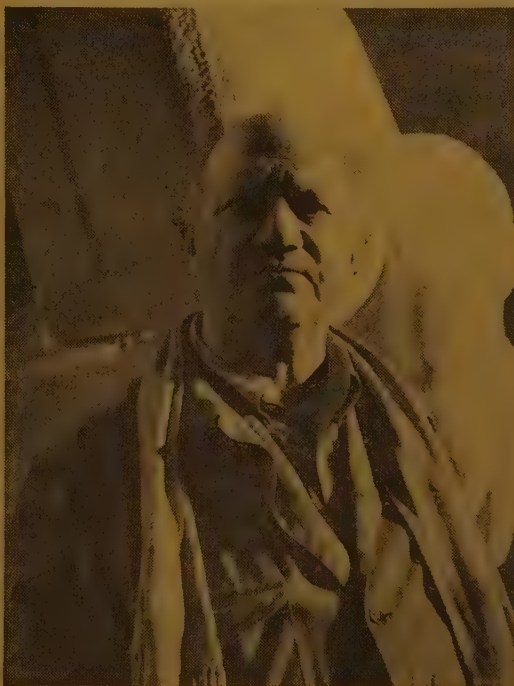
Mr. Nehru makes statement about the defence of two border States

Labour Party's proposals for improving National Health Service are published

Ministry of Supply announces that the missing Victor jet bomber probably exploded in the air



Wreaths being laid on the tomb of William Wilberforce in Westminster Abbey on August 24th, the 200th anniversary of the birth of the man mainly responsible for the abolition of slavery. Other ceremonies were held in Hull, his birthplace, and in Freetown, Sierra Leone, founded in 1787 by the first group of freed slaves (see also page 313)



Sir Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, who died on August 19, aged seventy-eight. Although he regarded himself as a traditionalist, Epstein was one of the most controversial figures in British art; early works which met with fierce public criticism were a frieze for the British Medical Association building in the Strand (1907) and his memorial to W. H. Hudson in Hyde Park (1925). His recent works included his figure of Field-Marshal Smuts in Parliament Square, London, 'Christ in Majesty' in Llandaff Cathedral, and a monumental sculpture for the T.U.C. headquarters in London



A street in Hackney, east London, after last Friday's heavy floods disorganized much of London's rush hour traffic. Many people spent hours getting home



Princess Alexandra of Kent, who is on a six-weeks' tour of Australia, talking to two Anglican nuns after attending morning service at St. John the Baptist's church, Canberra, on August 16. The Princess has since attended ceremonies in Brisbane and Toowoomba celebrating Queensland's one hundred years of sovereign statehood



Right: Princess Margaret with her pet sealyham at a window of Royal Lodge, Windsor: a new photograph taken by Antony Armstrong Jones to mark the twenty-ninth birthday of Her Royal Highness on August 21



Whipsnade's new baby giraffe making his first public appearance last week at the age of nine days. With him is his mother, Maggie



Fourteen-year-old Kathleen Jones playing Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 20 in D minor with the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain at last Saturday's Promenade concert at the Royal Albert Hall, London. Conducting the concert, which was seen on B.B.C. television, is Walter Susskind

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been following seems to come to a dead end.

It is for this reason that the start of the expansion is sometimes called the creation of the universe. The conclusion to be drawn from the failure of the models is, it is argued, that all matter, compressed to an enormous density, was created at this time. At the same moment some sort of explosion took place, and the expansion started. This view I regard as highly misleading and unscientific. The difficulty to be faced is that at the start of the expansion certain quantities in our differential equations become infinite. This frequently happens with differential equations, and when it does the equation is said to contain a mathematical singularity. A singularity in the mathematics describing a physical problem is usually an indication of the breakdown of the theory, and the physicist's normal response is to try to get a better one.

This procedure has not generally been followed in cosmology, and some scientists have identified the singularity at the start of the expansion with God, and thought that at this moment He created the universe. It seems to me highly improper to introduce God to solve our scientific problems. There is no place in science for miraculous interventions of this sort; and there is a danger, for those who believe in God, in identifying Him with singularities in differential equations, lest the need for Him disappear with improved mathematics. To me the correct approach seems to be to admit that the present cosmological models become unsatisfactory if one extrapolates them back the 8,000 million years or so to the start of the expansion. This is not to say that they are inadequate to describe the present, and the immediate past and future; this they are probably capable of doing. But they have to be altered so that they no longer become singular in the distant past.

The first obvious difficulty here is that 8,000 million years is a very long time, and anything we say about what the universe was like then is bound to be tentative, to say the least of it. Cosmology here meets the usual problems of any historical research concerned with the remote past. Some physicists think that the extrapolations involved are so enormous and the conclusions therefore so uncertain that the entire activity is a waste of time. There is something to be said for this view, but my argument against it is that to most people the past history of the universe is such an exciting matter that it is worth speculating about.

Temperature 8,000 Million Years Ago

Secondly, even if we suppose that the infinite density given by our equation is a mathematical fiction with no physical meaning, it is probable that there was a period of very high density and temperature about 8,000 million years ago. This would be consistent with observed facts, which suggest that the age of our own nebula is somewhere about this figure. It is reasonable to suppose that after the period of intense heat, the nebulae, including our own, formed as the universe cooled. The effect of this period would be to obliterate evidence of what the universe was like before the expansion started. Any relics of a previous epoch would have been reduced to the uniformity of a gas, or even a fluid of atomic particles. For this reason there is little hope of obtaining by direct observations any

information about the epochs before the expansion. We have to proceed by more indirect inference. Here the situation is more hopeful. Before describing some possible lines of attack, let me make the problem more definite by referring again to the models of the second type. According to these the contraction, when it sets in, will eventually gather speed, bringing the nebulae closer and closer together; and if we follow the models to their end they reach a condition of infinite density—in fact, a singular state like the one in which they began. If one is prepared to regard the first singularity as the creation, the second presumably represents the annihilation of the universe.

Unending Series of Oscillations

In my opinion it is more satisfactory to suppose that as the singular state is approached some mechanism starts to operate which slows down the contraction and ultimately reverses it. The universe is thus launched on an expanding phase again, and starts a new cycle of existence. According to this picture, the history of the universe is an unending series of oscillations. I want to explain two possible mechanisms for reversing the contraction. The first is suggested by a peculiar feature of the theory of relativity. According to Newton's theory the force of gravitation between two bodies is a function of their masses and their distance apart. In general relativity, however, the gravitational field of a body depends not only on its mass but also on the way it is stressed. A thrust or pressure augments the ordinary Newtonian gravitational force, but a tension reduces it. In fact, a body in a sufficiently high state of tension could exert a negative gravitational force—that is to say, a repulsion. A repulsion between particles of matter is just what is needed to reverse the final contraction of the universe. The difficulty is that matter in a gaseous form—such as one would expect to fill the universe at that time—can exert pressure but not tension. However, matter may show unexpected properties at the high temperature and density which must then prevail. We have little information about this at present, but further knowledge of the behaviour of matter in extreme conditions—such as those inside the stars—may help to decide whether this mechanism is feasible or not.

Another possible way in which the contraction might be reversed is revealed by some interesting recent work by Professor Heckmann of Hamburg. Heckmann supposes that the matter in the universe has a slight rotation. It then seems that the centrifugal force of this rotation is enough to reverse the contraction when the universe becomes very dense at the end of one of its oscillations. In cosmological theories until now it has always been supposed that there is no cosmic rotation, because none has been observed. However, Heckmann has shown that even a slight rotation, such as would be undetectable at present, would be sufficient to prevent the state of infinite density.

Contraction into Expansion

These suggestions are tentative, and it may be that neither is correct. It is possible, too, that the universe may not be of the oscillating type at all: the expansion may perhaps continue forever. In this case there would be the additional

problem of finding out how a phase of contraction was changed, 8,000 million years ago, into an irreversible expansion. I want to emphasize, however, that the start of the expansion of the present epoch is a matter for scientific investigation, though by indirect and tentative methods, and the problem should not be evaded.

The steady-state cosmological theory uses the basic ideas of relativity, but modifies Einstein's field equations. According to this theory the universe, considered on a large scale, has always been much the same as it is now: in particular, the average density of matter does not change with the time. However, the observed recession of the nebulae implies a falling density, and this fact can be reconciled with an unchanging universe only if fresh matter appears to keep the density constant. The steady-state theory proposes that this fresh matter is being continuously created out of nothing in empty space. The rate of creation is supposed to be very low, and below the limit of detection by present techniques of measurement.

Continuing Creation

If we compare this theory with the ordinary models of relativistic cosmology—the ones with singularities—we see that it has a certain advantage because the creation of matter, instead of taking place by a sudden miracle in the distant past, becomes, at least in principle, a phenomenon for scientific investigation, since it is happening now. If, however, one is prepared to treat the start of the expansion in relativistic cosmology in a scientific way, such as I have tried to suggest, this point loses much of its force. In any case, the steady-state theory suffers from one defect so serious that, in my opinion, it is hardly to be considered as an important rival to the relativistic theories. Since matter is a form of energy, the creation of matter out of nothing violates the principle of the Conservation of Energy. This principle has withstood all the revolutions in physics in the last sixty years, and most physicists would be prepared to give it up only if the most compelling reasons were presented. In fact, when the steady-state theory was originated, about ten years ago, the case for a drastic measure of this sort was rather strong. It then seemed that there was a discrepancy between the predictions of relativistic cosmology and observation. It has since turned out that the observations were wrong, and the relativistic theories are now in satisfactory agreement with the present empirical evidence.

The view I have been putting forward is that the universe has an unlimited past and future. This may seem in some ways as puzzling as if its history were finite. From the scientific aspect, however, this point is really one of methodology. Science should never voluntarily adopt hypotheses which restrict its scope. Sometimes restrictions are obligatory, as for example in the case of the Uncertainty Principle, which restricts the accuracy of certain physical measurements, but unless it is shown that such limitations apply to cosmology we should, I think, assume that our knowledge of the universe can stretch indefinitely into the past and into the future.

—Third Programme

From Precedent to Precedent, the Romanes Lecture, which Lord Denning delivered on May 21 at Oxford, has now been printed (Oxford. 2s. 6d.).

Television in Canada—I

By RICHARD S. LAMBERT

NATIONAL pride has been the driving force that has given Canada her own television system, in defiance of geographical and financial limitations. For a country with a 4,000-mile east-to-west span, a small and scattered population of 17,000,000, and a big, pushful southern neighbour, the achievement has been little short of miraculous.

Communications are the life-blood of any nation. In Canada's case nature has dictated that the lines of communication should flow north and south. But man has here defied nature by making the railways, cables, and (latterly) the broadcasting system of Canada run east and west. But for this, there could be no independent Canadian nation today.

National Pride

The United States, as the home of 'free enterprise', based her radio and television systems upon almost uncontrolled commercialism. Since advertising knows no national boundaries, Canada was early marked down as a supplementary market for exploitation by the American advertiser. When, however, it became clear that privately owned radio stations in Canada were tending to become mere affiliates of big American networks, Canada's national pride was aroused. The Royal Commission of 1929, under Sir John Aird, reported that 'Canadian radio listeners want Canadian broadcasting. . . . At present the majority of programmes heard are from sources outside of Canada. In a country of the vast geographical dimensions of Canada, broadcasting will undoubtedly become a great force in fostering a national spirit and interpreting national citizenship'. To make this ideal a reality (after a four-year experiment with the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission), the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was brought into being seven years later in 1936.

In its general structure the C.B.C. resembled the B.B.C. It was a public corporation, charged specifically with furthering 'the national interest in broadcasting'. It was responsible to parliament in matters of general policy, but was to be free of interference in its day-to-day operations. Unlike the B.B.C., however, it was financed out of advertising revenue as well as out of radio licence fees. Later on the licence fee was abolished and an annual government grant substituted.

No attempt was made either to eliminate advertising or to hinder listeners from receiving American programmes. Instead, the C.B.C. became the national agency through which selected American programmes, relayed over Canadian national networks, reached Canadian listeners generally. Meanwhile privately owned radio stations continued to develop, serving their local communities and, through affiliation with C.B.C., receiving a share of network advertising revenue and assisting in the distribution of C.B.C. network programmes. By 1956 the C.B.C., owning twenty-two stations and control-

ling three radio networks (one of them in the French language), was making its national sound-radio programme service available to 95 per cent. of Canada's population. However, four years earlier, in 1952, television had made its debut in Canada.

Pace Set by the U.S.

Again the pace of development was set for Canada by what was happening in the United States. Regular television broadcasting began in America soon after the end of the second world war. Stations sprang up along the Canadian border, giving many Canadians their first exciting taste of the new medium of communication. Immediately the Government of Canada was faced with the question: should television be allowed to develop in Canada in a haphazard fashion or should it be planned in an orderly way that would benefit the national life as a whole? The answer was given in 1952. The Government said that television 'should be so developed in Canada that it is capable of providing a sensible pattern of programming for Canadian homes with at least a good portion of Canadian content reflecting Canadian ideas and creative abilities . . . and life in all parts of Canada'.

To carry this decision into effect the C.B.C. constructed television stations in Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and Halifax. This ensured that the main geographical regions of the country would have at least one publicly owned station, equipped with the necessary production facilities. In these larger centres the C.B.C. would enjoy, for the time being, a monopoly. However, privately owned stations were to be licensed in other centres not served by the C.B.C.

The first C.B.C. television stations were opened in Montreal and Toronto in September 1952. By the end of April 1959, C.B.C. was operating ten stations (and three satellite stations) of its own, while private enterprise was providing another forty-one stations (and seven satellites)—making a grand total of sixty-one stations. Ten more stations (five C.B.C. and five private) are in course of being licensed. Linking these stations together into a network was a gigantic task. In June 1959 the longest television network in the world was completed, stretching 4,200 miles from Victoria, British Columbia, to St. John's, Newfoundland. The last link in this network, connecting Nova Scotia with Newfoundland, was finished just in time for the Queen's arrival at St. John's, on her way to open the St. Lawrence Seaway.

French and English

Two Canadian television networks are now in operation, one in the French, the other in the English language. The private stations are affiliated to one or other of these networks and receive a basic programme service from the C.B.C. Over 60 per cent. of the programmes on

the English network and 75 per cent. of the programmes on the French network are Canadian in origin. Most of the remainder come from American and British sources.

The main problem in Canadian television is financial. Since most Canadians live near the border of the United States and are much influenced by the American way of life, their taste in television programmes is expensive. For its population of 160,000,000 the United States can afford to provide lavish programmes and make them cheaply available also in Canada. On an average, United States programmes cost from two to four times as much as Canadian programmes.

On the other hand, Canada's 17,000,000 people are divided into two separate language groups, French and English. Also it takes forty-two Canadian television stations to cover a population smaller than that reached by a single station in New York or in the south of England. In the provision of costly entertainment shows, therefore, Canada cannot compete with her southern neighbour.

Originally, the C.B.C. estimated that a national television service in Canada would cost approximately \$15 a year for each television home. To meet this cost the Government at first planned to charge viewers an annual licence fee. However, it abandoned this idea in 1953 and instead provided that the C.B.C. should receive each year the proceeds of the excise tax on television receivers and parts. It was pointed out at the time that the yield of this tax would be high for the first few years but would thereafter decline until it became inadequate to meet the needs of an expanding service. This anticipation was realized by 1958, and thereafter the C.B.C.'s annual financial requirements have been met through an annual parliamentary grant, in addition to the commercial revenue.

Limit to Sponsoring Funds

Advertising revenue has not been enough to close this gap. It is calculated that in all Canada there are no more than fifteen commercial organizations able to spend, on all forms of mass advertising, more than \$2,000,000 a year. There is, therefore, a definite limit to the funds available, commercially, for the sponsorship of television programmes. C.B.C. practice aims at keeping in its own hands production of whatever Canadian programmes it offers for commercial sponsorship. Experience has shown, however, that it is not possible to charge sponsors with the full cost of such programmes. In part, this is due to the fact that the C.B.C., in its book-keeping, follows cost-accounting methods which tend to swell the apparent, or 'paper', cost of programmes.

In this respect privately owned television stations, less fully equipped and staffed than the C.B.C. stations, and taking part of their programmes from the network, found they could operate more cheaply and profitably than the C.B.C. Before long, private interests began to

criticize the 'monopoly' enjoyed by the C.B.C. in the large cities, and to urge that it be brought to an end. They argued that licensing additional stations (privately owned) in large cities would not only be economically feasible but would also stimulate the C.B.C. by competitive programming. Against that, the C.B.C. pointed out that, to the extent that its existing commercial revenues might be cut into by such competition, a larger parliamentary grant would be needed to meet the cost of the national service.

As soon as the Conservative Government under Mr. John Diefenbaker took office in 1957, it made considerable changes in the position of the C.B.C. The Broadcasting Act of 1958 separated the regulatory from the operating functions of the C.B.C. It transferred the general control

over broadcasting and the function of recommending on broadcast licences to a new body, the Board of Broadcast Governors, which assumed a role roughly comparable with that of the Federal Communications Commission in the United States. The C.B.C., shorn of its responsibilities for regulating broadcasting as a whole, was left, under its own Board of Directors, to look after its own affairs—still with the prime objective of giving a national programme service. At the same time it was announced that the television 'monopoly' enjoyed by the C.B.C. in the larger cities would come to an end (September 1959), and that alternative channels would be made available to private television interests.

Under the revised set-up it is possible that

additional networks, either in radio or in television, could be formed by private interests, but the establishment of a national network in either medium would involve a very large financial outlay. The new Board of Broadcast Governors has shown a disposition to tighten up some forms of control over private radio stations, with a view to encouraging them to pay greater attention to 'public service' programming and to the employment of more Canadian talent on programmes—an aspect of their work which has come in for severe criticism. Also, in licensing new private television stations, care is taken to make sure that their capital and control are mainly Canadian, to avoid any risk of their becoming satellites of American interests.

(to be concluded)

The Quarry

By LEONARD CLARK

I SUPPOSE I must have been about five or six when I discovered the quarry. It was only a small pink and white gash in the hillside then. But when I pass by it now it has become a much larger jagged crescent of little precipices. I marvel that I even strayed so far away from home at that young age, for the quarry was nearly a mile away, up one hill and down another, tucked in a little pocket off the main road to the county town.

I distinctly remember the very first time the quarry became part of my childhood geography. I told my mother one morning that I was going for a little walk. 'Don't be long', she said, 'and don't wander into the road because of the horses'.

I remember the day especially because I was wearing my old red jersey with the darns in the elbows. I got to the top of the hill safely enough; that part of the landscape I knew well. There were big woods on the skyline, and far away in the valley beneath the great horseshoe of the Severn, fields, orchards, steeples, and the tower of the cathedral, and the blue Cotswold hills.

I walked downhill and then came to a long gate on my right. I noticed that its hinges were rusted, the latch broken, and a crossbar missing. It was half open. But I squeezed myself through the space where the crossbar had been. There was a tin can which I kicked out of the way, and then, walking in the deep ruts left by the carts that came to the quarry, I mounted a heap of broken stones and dropped down the other side. Soon I could go no further. In front of me rose a high wall of flushed rock. I don't think I had ever seen anything so high before: the rock just went on stretching up. I was in the quarry.

There was no one else there on that occasion: I had it all to myself. I don't think any bird fluttered the quiet air. I had never heard such stillness before; I sat on a fallen slab and listened to it. I could not see out of the quarry except for a patch of sky across which there suddenly streaked two magpies. I felt I had always known

the place and I was glad to be there. There were cliffs like these in my story books; I had often stood beneath them in imagination. The quarry seemed to belong to me: I did not want to do anything; I just wanted to be there. I liked the



cosy feeling of being shut in by the rock which echoed back my name whenever I shouted it out. I liked that echo: it was my only company.

When I got back home I told them nothing of this. When my mother asked me where I had been I said, 'Oh, only just up to the top of the road a bit'.

'Well, you've been a long time doing that', she retorted.

In bed that night I began to think of the quarry, of the dizzy heights, the broken gate, the piled-up heaps of stones, the red ruts, the secrecy of it all. I knew that I should have to go back.

The next day it was raining, and it was a Sunday anyway. There was church in the morning, school in the afternoon, and church again in the evening, the same old Sunday pattern. And I had to wear my best suit, too.

There was no going to the quarry on a Sunday. In fact, I cannot remember when I did go to it next, but it must have been in my holidays. I certainly have a memory of a fine day and nothing much to do.

This time the gate was padlocked and there was a new wooden crossbar. That rather put me off at first, for I felt that someone had discovered I had been trespassing. But I had soon clambered over the top. I went carefully along the rutted road, and then suddenly noticed the top of the quarry and the green field above it. There was a line of moon-daisies growing on the lip of that field and not far from them some stunted thorn bushes. I moved closer to the tiered and tunnelled workings and then suddenly stopped in my tracks. There was someone else in my quarry. I could hear the tiny ring of a hammer on stone. My heart beat wildly and I felt I was trapped. My first instinct was to retreat; my second, to explore further. I went on.

I rounded the corner. There in front of me was a little gnome-like man cracking stones. He was wearing gauze spectacles and moleskin trousers strapped below each knee. I recognized him at once. It was old George Reynolds, one of our sidesmen at church. When I had last seen him he had been walking down the aisle, hair flat and sleek, carrying a blue velvet bag up to the altar and looking very important. And here he was in my quarry cracking stones. The place then began to lose some of its mystery for me. I could not quite get used to the idea of one of our sidesmen being in a quarry.

I went up to him and stood a little distance away. When he caught sight of me he raised his head, took off his dusty cap and spectacles, wiped his forehead with the back of his hand, stoop up straight, and then dropped his short-

handled hammer on the stones. It fell with hardly a sound. I noticed that he was left-handed and had a blue scar over the right eye. He grinned and spat. He was chewing tobacco.

'Now what be you doing 'ere? The council'll be arter you. You'd better get back 'ome'.

I realized that this was the first time I'd ever heard George Reynolds speak. I wondered what he did with his hammer on Sundays and if he would allow me to wear his spectacles. But I said nothing to him; I scuffed back home. There was lettuce for tea that afternoon.

But there were many times when I did have the quarry to myself. I explored it thoroughly, bit by bit, and got to know every crack and cranny. Once I discovered a wooden hut filled with shovels, pick-axes, crowbars, chisels, and riddles. And once I came across a cart with two front wheels missing, fallen down on its knees. I thought it looked as if it was saying its prayers. Then there was a wonderful moment when, having scrambled through the gate, I saw a traction engine standing right in the centre of the quarry, its belly still warm, its chimney smoking. I can still smell the oil and feel the touch of the warm copper band on my infant hand.

The Tramp

There was one dreadful day when a tramp turned up. I was half hidden in a hole, surrounded by fallen slabs. Above me dangled a wild rose. The tramp squatted on the ground, took off a filthy hat, scratched himself, and then began to make a fire from rubbish he had in his pocket. He got up to look for wood. Soon he had a tidy blaze. Then he pulled a half-skinned rabbit out of the depths of his tattered coat, and I was horrified as he finished skinning and gutting it. Almost by magic there now appeared a tin can and what looked like a lump of black-speckled lard. It, and the naked carcase, went into the tin and then on to the crackling fire. I found it all very frightening; but worse was to come. When at last I made for the gate, he turned on me, swore, picked up a great piece of rock and threatened to bash my bloody brains out if I didn't leave the place at once. I ran off howling. It was a long time before I ventured

into that quarry again. But I could not leave it alone. I used to picture it after snowfall, with the heaps of stones powdered white, the traction engine still smoking to the thick sky, and nobody there at all beneath the lonely stars.

If I had had more sense I should have left well alone. The encounter with the foul-mouthed tramp ought to have been enough to keep me out of the quarry for good. But I soon forgot him. And I had not exhausted everything I thought the quarry had to offer.

I was there one quiet afternoon in spring. Here and there I could see primroses growing, fresh and lemon-pale, in the bare patches of earth on the quarry's face. And there was a little willow tree near the gate bursting into catkins. I don't know what devil then tempted me to try to climb up that steep cliff to the field above. But I started to do it, giving no thought whatever to my clothes and boots. I saw no danger and I certainly was not frightened.

I got half-way up and then straddled on a pillar to get my breath. Without warning, a huge slice of rock, no doubt loosened by winter's frost, began to peel off in front of my eyes. It crashed into the quarry with such thunder that birds nesting in the rocky holes flew out of them, wildly squawking and chirruping. Another slab gave way, this time beneath me, and then another, and another. The smoking, flinty air was full of flying dust. I began to wonder when the rock I was sitting on would give way and I should be dashed to pieces. The reverberating noise of the crashing boulders had me scared to death. I had not bargained for any of this. But, as suddenly, it all stopped. Trembling with relief, I somehow got back to earth safely, covered from top to toe with soft, pink, clammy dust—eyes, nose, mouth, and hair full of it. I believed that the quarry had turned on me and punished me for being so inquisitive. I don't remember what feeble explanation I gave to my mother.

The last time I came to the quarry, just to be there, was across the field above it. My boots got soaked with dew. The sun was glinting on the waters of distant Severn and almost blinding me. There was a wild pear-tree in flower, and

an abandoned plough with one of the handles split along the wood. Then I found myself at the top of the quarry. The field stopped in mid-air. I stood on the edge and looked down into the empty pit. How deep it was; how quiet and strange. A lark went up into the sky.

Invading Work-gang

I lay full length on my stomach and wondered if I had the nerve to clamber down. I held firmly on to the turf when the earth in front of me began to crumble. I must have dislodged a slice of rock for I heard it go crashing into the depths beneath. I waited. I was about to make the descent when I heard voices far below coming towards the rock face, and then horses' hooves and carts. (Although all this happened nearly fifty years ago, I can still hear those intermingled sounds, invading what had been for me a private solitude.) I watched the quarry quickly fill with workmen, though there were probably not more than half-a-dozen of them. The horses were pulled up, the men began to load the carts with stones. They shovelled slowly as countrymen always do; the harness jangled; one man started to sing 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' I waited just long enough to see the gang knock off work, sit down and light up their clay pipes. But it was all over for me. I got up and slowly made my way across the fields and back home.

I don't think I ever went there again. For a while I thought about the quarry, but soon its appeal waned, and all the feelings I had first had when I had been encompassed by its rocky arms faded away, as I found other interests. I have never been able to understand why this simple country place attracted me so much when I was so young. It held no mystery other than what childhood deemed to be mysterious. Its elements were so commonplace—a few daisies, a bird or two, the rock pinnacles, a traction engine, silence, and a man cracking stones. But why do I now recapture some of the feelings I had then as I watch, in memory's divining eye, the quarry fill again with alien company, and hear once more, with childhood's inner ear, the far-off sound of a hammer on the shining stones?

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

Challenge to the West

Sir,—Mr. Tibor Mende's 'Challenge to the West' (THE LISTENER, August 20) is the last and best talk of an immensely enthralling and brilliant series.

Having passed the active thirty years of my life in India, I am specially absorbed in his Indian outlook. He says, in freed, or about-to-be-freed colonies: 'As long as [their] government does not offend against common humanity by unnecessarily harsh dealings with its citizens . . .'. But how painfully this seems to boomerang upon ourselves and our harsh Kenya, Nyasaland, Cyprus, and so forth out-of-date-and-tune methods!

It is more than true: 'We have only a few years to act'; but we are not acting; we are merely carrying on diplomacy, strategy, and political administration of the dead-and-gone past. In 'this short time' I would lay down the following procedure to avoid envelopment of

the West by the excruciatingly teeming, advancing Eastern world.

What do they want? Not laborious, expensive, domineering (as all forms of pseudo-charity are) loans, of minute proportions, to meet the present needs of multi-millions. What they want is machinery, implements, possibly factories on hire purchase at a minute per cent. down, and payment over a long-future date, say fifty years.

This can be done quickly; our Government pays manufacturers and handles the supply, and debt, after that. Further, we must loan technicians, for whom they can pay slowly; and we must turn out more of their men as technicians. They are well ahead then; free of any strings. This hire purchase can be done by us, with an intelligent, modern finance government and treasury; we must cast the old finance aside as pure nonsense of Napoleonic days. If we do not do this, Russia certainly will.—Yours, etc.,

Bath

NORMAN PHILLIPS

The Russian Attitude to Money

Sir,—Mr. Andrew Shonfield (THE LISTENER, August 13) quotes a Russian economist as saying that under pure communism money will be abolished. Mr. Shonfield speaks of 'the instinctive hostility to money which is part of Soviet ideology' and derives this attitude from the aristocratic 'extravagance and recklessness' of Russian pre-capitalist society. Surely it must in some part derive from those feelings, common to most patterns for ideal societies, that poverty is holy, that money, the root of all evil, stinks, and that in the good society men will hold all things in common, parting them to all men as every man has need? The ideal is not exclusively a religious one; money had been abolished in William Morris's 'Nowhere'. Nor is it exclusively a Western one.

Obviously, as Mr. Shonfield points out, this is impractical, as ideals usually are. But this par-

ticular ideal has been, and apparently in Russia still is, a potent one, and some recollection of it might provide a valuable leaven in our commerce-dominated West.—Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.3 MARGHANITA LASKI

Dangerous Driving

Sir,—May I, as a County Surveyor and Traffic Engineer, congratulate 'Magistrate' on his broadcasts and you for publishing them (THE LISTENER, April 2 and August 6). He has said what very badly needed saying.

There is one direction in which I would like to expand his words. He says that there is not enough research work in the causes of accidents. This is entirely true, but the reason for it is the Law. We traffic engineers cannot examine the participants in an accident to find out what happened or if anything could have been done to prevent similar ones, because of the possibility of proceedings being taken. The inquiry into the accident is done by the police, and their terms of reference are to find out if a case can be made against the motorist. The prevention of accidents is not relevant to the inquiry, though, by courtesy of the police, the highway authority may make what use it can of the information gained. Inevitably, however, apart from the bare facts, the evidence is of little or no value. It may even happen that, owing to the proceedings, the information may reach the highway authority too late to enable it to take action before further, preventable accidents have taken place.

The contrast with the railways, the mines, and the air is very startling. There the inquiry is carried out by an expert, and his terms of reference are to find out if similar accidents can be prevented in the future. Legal proceedings are not relevant and rarely follow.

Surely the reply to Mr. Batson, whose letter you published last week, is to refer him to 'Magistrate's' broadcast. The crusade he wants—would not a campaign of vengeance be a better term?—would not be effective, apart from the fact that it would merely trample the poor remnants of our vaunted British Justice in the mud. I too—in common with most of my colleagues—know places such as 'Magistrate' mentions, where, after repeated prosecutions and savage penalties had been ineffective, a simple engineering remedy stopped, or drastically reduced, accidents, even though they made the place faster! I still have these places where the accidents are going on, although I know I could stop them. The grim fact is that the real flagrant offender is the community, which makes its only objective the punishment of motorists. Until this objective is changed to the stopping of accidents we shall not make much progress.

Yours, etc.,

Weymouth

J. J. LEEMING

The Testimony of Stones

Sir,—Mr. D. M. Lewis begins his talk on 'The Testimony of Stones' (THE LISTENER August 20) with the sentence: 'In *The Study of Greek Inscriptions* Mr. A. G. Woodhead has provided us with the first manual on Greek epigraphy in English for over fifty years'. My own copy of *A Selection of Greek Historical Inscriptions*, edited by Marcus N. Tod, is dated 1933. (It was followed by a second volume a few years later, which I no longer possess.)

It is, of course, incredible that the present Reader in Greek Epigraphy at Oxford should be

unaware of the work of the greatest English epigraphist of last generation; so one must assume that he uses the designation 'manual' in an unusually restricted sense. At any rate, Tod's book (in both volumes) was constantly in my own hands, veritably a 'hand-book' (or 'manual'), during nearly twenty years of my time as a teacher of Greek History.—Yours, etc.,
Edinburgh, 10 A. F. GILES

Tennyson: Poet and Laureate

Sir,—I would question whether Michael Millgate is quite fair to Tennyson (THE LISTENER, August 13) in his judgment that 'the prophet's mantle he coveted will surely be forever denied him'.

As far back as 1842, in 'Locksley Hall', Tennyson forecast commercial aviation and war in the air, including bombing—'the rain of ghastly dew' as he termed it. Further, his prediction of a 'Parliament of man' seems to foreshadow the advent of the United Nations Assembly as a forum to settle international disputes. It should be noted that these predictions were made at least sixty years before H. G. Wells assumed his role of prophet of 'the shape of things to come'.

E. D. H. Johnson of Princeton University, New Jersey, published in 1952 a fascinating reappraisal of Tennyson in his book *The Alien Vision of Victorian Poetry*. He makes some startling comments on the poet's obsession with such motifs as dreams, visions (day-dreams), and madness. He quotes many poems which taken symbolically prove, in his view, that Tennyson was far in advance of the thought of his time on such matters.—Yours, etc.,

Hebden Bridge

R. H. PERKIN

Most Accomplished Poet?

Sir,—I confess I haven't the slightest idea what Mr. Hugh Dominic Purcell in his letter in THE LISTENER of August 6 can mean by his use of the word craftsmanship. Anything? Or everything? If he vaunts 'craftsmanship alone' as the signal quality of Blake's 'America', I can only say that this poem seems to me an oracular improvisation in which craftsmanship is one of the least factors that count. And if, according to statistical criticism, Blake invented 'more new stanza forms' than any previous poet, this can only show how meaningless statistics can be. Blake's lyric forms are obviously based on the nearest traditions to hand—Elizabethan, street ballad, nursery rhyme. The Prophetic Books are confessedly a kind of inspired or 'automatic' writing in which form takes second place. The nature of much of Blake's poetry cannot be understood unless it is seen as a release from his minute and daily toil as an engraver.

I in no way implied that a 'dexterous and versatile' craftsman was an inventor of forms anyway. The most obvious exemplars—Tennyson, Dryden, Kipling—may never have invented a form in their lives. I haven't looked up the book of statistics to see whether they did or not.

I was equally far from suggesting that Yeats was not a great craftsman. But anyone who can appreciate his finest poems must realize that 'dexterous' and 'versatile' are not the terms to apply either to the monumental results, or to the slow, tormented and life-long labour that went to their making.

And of course the 'distinctions' I had to make in an earlier letter were 'not over-subtle'.

Indeed they were obvious. But a previous correspondent had ignored them.—Your, etc.,
London, N.W.6 DAVID PAUL

Lost Sleep

Sir,—I feel I should reply to some of the comments (THE LISTENER, July 16 and August 20) on my talk on lost sleep (THE LISTENER, July 9).

Mrs. Londesborough has had no sleep for five nights and she does housework which she admits is simple and prolonged. This is the combination which I said would produce ill-effects. But I note that she still writes a capable and witty letter, a task which is short, probably interesting, and, I am sure, rewarding. It would be interesting if we could be 'less kind' to our subjects but they would hardly volunteer for the programme she outlines, and, indeed, I think she herself must be a volunteer only in a restricted sense.

To the Consultant Anaesthetist I would suggest that the deserted road is probably the most dangerous for the sleepy driver. Driving along the quiet roads at night is a simple task for the experienced motorist and in time may be affected by lack of sleep; in heavy daytime traffic the task becomes complex and as such is less likely to be affected. As to his work, if Consultant Anaesthetist is so experienced that many of his duties are routine, I certainly think that lack of sleep (or working at night when not used to it) may cause mistakes to be made. Nothing in my talk implied the contrary, although I might have made the point that many initially complex tasks may become simple and tedious with practice, if we assume that simplicity is in the hand of the performer.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

R. T. WILKINSON

Colour in Architecture

Sir,—Your photograph in THE LISTENER of August 13, of 'the renovated stone work of Canterbury Cathedral', illustrating the famous south porch, is interesting in that it stresses the lack of the original colouring. This restoration follows in the 'ghastly' Victorian fashion that 'all sculpture must be white'—a supposition that Owen Jones contested all his life, producing the coloured copies of famous architecture once contained in the Crystal Palace.

If we could have the original colours restored what a happy consummation of real English architecture it would reveal. All our famous churches at important centres were designed to receive colours—red and blue, gold and green. A fragment remains at Wells; the roof of St. Albans has its blue sky with stars; but, in nearly every place, it is assumed that architecture with its dominant sculptures must remain 'in the stone'.

Nor do our modern buildings take note of tradition. The Middlesex Guildhall has a tall frieze that demands full colour; there is also a theatre which lacks all true concept of architectural finish in colour. If the climate of Greece permitted colour on the Parthenon—finished in gold and colour as it was—then why cannot we, with more scientific knowledge of weather-resisting colours, finish off new buildings and 'restorations' in a truly masterly style?

Yours, etc.,

London, N.14

W. G. RAFFE

Forgotten Galleries—V: Brighton

By QUENTIN BELL

IT lies close to the Pavilion. Anything in that situation is likely to be forgotten. Those exotic domes and minarets, bursting so strangely from the Sussex chalk, command exclusive attention. At the sight of them one stands amazed; impelled by natural curiosity one is drawn into the building; one emerges shaken and quite unfit for any other sightseeing. Almost everything that can be said about the Pavilion has been said, and all in vain. The oddity of the exterior beggars description. As for the interior, it demands superlatives beyond the reach of language. Such gold and silver, such writhing dragons and reckless tropical exuberance must be seen to be believed, and having seen it how can anyone suppose that we are a reserved people, given to understatement or a lurking fear of being thought vulgar?

The Museum, originally the Royal Stables, has, it is true, been infected by its transpontine neighbour. In 1902 it was, to use the words of some forgotten journalist, adorned with 'radiant ceramic tiling in the best and purest style of Arabian art'. But the effect is decidedly tame. If we turn to it, as we should, it is better to try to forget the Regency and the gorgeous East and to remember the excitements of our own age; for Brighton has certainly played its part in the artistic commotions of the twentieth century. It was here that Camden Town held its last show, which was also the beginning of the London Group; it was here that Englishmen first saw the work of Chirico; it was here, in August 1910, that the first Post-Impressionist exhibition—which was later to set all London by the ears at the Grafton Galleries—broke upon the British public. The city fathers of Brighton spent £100 on that exhibition, purchasing a frothy confection by M. Gaston La Touche. For less than half the money they could have had a couple of Derains or, if they had been possessed of that real courage of which no committee is capable, they might have spent three thousand pounds and become one of the great European galleries. Like all the rest, they missed the bus. If they had not, I suppose that Brighton would net an additional 100,000 dollars every season.

For all that, the Brighton Gallery is by no means negligible. In the high central hall downstairs there are some pleasing works: a Gainsborough landscape, two paintings by Iacopo del

Sellaio, and a fine handsome girl, a proper Brighton girl, with a load of greengrocery on her head—a Flora, or Pomona or some other rural nymph—by Sir Godfrey Kneller. There are also some more seriously arresting pieces, two Cranach portraits, very beautiful in colour and strange in design, and also Blake's poetical painting of the Adoration of the Magi, full of

so much of character, humour, and gaiety.

On the first floor there are four works by Wright of Derby—two contrasting landscapes: one cold and moonlit, the other glowing with the heat of those furnaces in which the painter rejoiced. Also two portraits, a man and a lady, both seated in the open air, the very pure, untroubled open air of Wright's sylvan portraits, and both of them, but particularly the man, drawn with fluency, care, and grace. There is also a room devoted to the nineteenth century, and here the visitor may, unless he has a taste for that kind of thing, hurry past the classical inventions of Leighton, Alma Tadema and Joseph Albert Moore with Etty's 'Three Graces' looking, I am sorry to say, hardly better than their companions. Beyond these stodgy idylls there are two rooms devoted to the artists of our own century and some of these are excellent. There is an early landscape by Innes, luminous and placid and quite unlike his later essays in violent colour. There is also a charming Lucien Pissarro and a rather unusual seascape by Conder.

The most remarkable of these more recent paintings is Robert Bevan's 'Cab-yard by Night'. Bevan, at his best, had in an unusually high degree the art of drawing expressively and yet with fine restraint. Observe, in the illustration on this page, the truth with which he describes



'Cab-yard by Night', by Robert Bevan: in Brighton Art Gallery

curious sensitive drawing and mysterious feeling.

High above these, hanging, as Sickert put it when writing of this gallery, 'in the traditional grand style', is an imposing version of Lawrence's portrait of George IV; a painting which really conveys a flashy, vulgar, but convincing image of majesty. It must be about the last royal portrait ever painted in this country which does not make the Sovereign appear either dull or ridiculous.

Also downstairs is an interesting collection of English water colours and drawings, including two surprisingly careful and linear studies of Brighton front by Constable and, amongst the moderns, John Piper and Minton. The ethnographic room is, I am told, of high scientific interest; it certainly contains African and Polynesian work of great beauty. There is, in addition, a rich collection of English pottery, in which the principal native wares are represented, and well represented: I think the collector must have been a person of considerable taste, for there is so much here that is richly inventive,

the man holding a horse, the way in which the forms are all held together by the ladder and its shadow and the intervals between the cab and its wheel, the horse's head and the carriage lamp. In this part of the Gallery there is also a lovely *sous bois* by Lawrence Gowing and paintings by Gertler, William Scott, Matthew Smith, and Ivon Hitchens. This last is an outstandingly good example of that painter's work.

Brighton has, therefore, a good deal to be proud of. But it is my impression that it owes what it has much more to the generosity of local collectors than to the efforts of the rate-payers. It spends generously on its Pavilion, which makes an immediate and tangible profit, but not on its Museum, or at least, not on the purchase of pictures. And yet Brighton is one of our few seaside towns that can claim to be a place of art-historical importance. It has an art school; it is soon to have a university; should it not also have a great collection of pictures?

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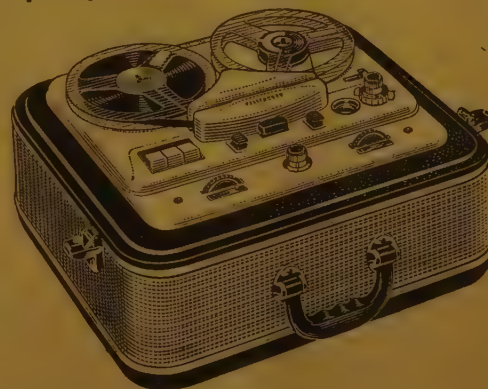
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Orpheus at Eighty

By Vincent Sheean. Cassell. 25s.

Reviewed by DYNELEY HUSSEY

VERDI'S CAREER AS A COMPOSER culminated in the two Shakespearean operas, *Otello* and *Falstaff*, produced in 1886 and 1893. It is the latter year that Mr. Vincent Sheean has chosen as the starting-point for his 'study of Giuseppe Verdi'. Dramatically he describes Verdi's farewell to the theatre on the third night of *Falstaff* at the Scala, and then in imagination lets his thought, and Verdi's, range backward over the long years of association with Milan and its principal theatre. In the second chapter Verdi, superintending the Roman production of his comedy, looks back on his early years devoted to the cause of Italian unity and freedom. Then in Paris his life with Giuseppina Strepponi, the mistress whom he married with such inexplicable tardiness, and his uneasy relations with the Palais Garnier are reviewed.

From this point an obvious transition takes us 'home', that is to Santa Agata, the villa near Busseto, where Verdi settled, living 'in sin' with Giuseppina to the great scandal of the neighbourhood and the offence, difficult to forgive, of his great benefactor, Antonio Barezzi, the father of his first wife. Lastly, the book comes full circle with a chapter on Verdi's relations with Boito, the librettist of the last two operas, and Faccio who conducted them.

It is a bold and interesting structural scheme, but one calling for a more perfected literary technique and a greater command of style than Mr. Sheean possesses. His narrative is based on good sources, Verdi's letter-book and the copious correspondence edited by Luzio, and Gatti's biography being his evident mainstays. Perhaps he echoes Gatti's opinions rather too readily, but on the whole he has digested the enormous mass of material effectively. It is all the more unfortunate that a style, at once pretentious, repetitive, and imprecise, should have been applied to what might have been a splendid imaginative reconstruction of Verdi's character and career in its historical and social setting.

Mr. Sheean is a historian with a good knowledge of Italy, and in the chapter on Rome and the Risorgimento discusses in considerable detail the personalities and the political forces that fashioned the united Italy of 1860. Indeed, for many pages we lose sight altogether of the ostensible subject of the book. This is not, however, a loss, for this political study does explain, as no one else has done, why Verdi's operas up to that date assumed their peculiar character.

So too there is much to admire in the author's exposition of the social life of the time and in his sympathetic handling of the whole Giuseppe-Giuseppina complex, in which he closely follows Gatti's conclusions.

As will be inferred, there is not a great deal of comment on the music, and what there is is neither profound nor always accurate. But this does not purport to be a thorough study of the operas; it is a portrait of the composer, well drawn in its main lines but poorly finished be-

cause of an uncertain touch. How uncertain the touch can be will be understood from the phrase 'inspiredly Italian' applied to *Otello*.

Beloved Infidel: The Education of a Woman. By Sheilah Graham and Gerold Frank. Cassell. 21s.

One of the interesting things about Miss Graham is that she was Scott Fitzgerald's mistress for the last three years of his life. She is the original of the English girl Kathleen in *The Last Tycoon*, his unfinished novel about Hollywood. Mr Gerold Frank is a ghost-writer who specializes in the autobiographies of alcoholic film actresses. Fitzgerald himself was intermittently an alcoholic, and that no doubt accounts for the present collaboration. As it happens, it is worth trying to penetrate the overlay of Mr. Frank's nerveless prose: an interesting and moving story lies behind.

It begins with Miss Graham's childhood in the East End of London. Her mother was a cook in a poorhouse, and she never knew her father; she was brought up in an orphanage. At fourteen she went to work as a 'skivvy', and later as a shop assistant. Fortunately she was both clever and pretty, and at eighteen she married one of her customers, a charming but hopeless middle-aged business man. Eventually she divorced him, but not before she had raised herself further in the world. For a time she was one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, but she preferred ski-ing at St. Moritz with the Mitfords. A marquess and a millionaire both implored her to leave her husband. Lord Beaverbrook wrote her a letter comparing himself to Napoleon. She was presented at court, and the Prince of Wales ('Pragger-Wagger') winked at her from behind the throne. If ever there was a climber, it was the young Sheilah Graham, yet somehow it is not her pushingness but rather her tenacity and charm that dominates these pages.

Having scaled the heights of English society, she set her cap next at America. Soon she was working in Hollywood as a gossip columnist, and here she met Fitzgerald. Her account of their relationship is most detailed but not at all embarrassing. It presents them both sympathetically, and incidentally dispels some bad legends. Fitzgerald had come to Hollywood in order to earn money to pay his debts. He was in low water in every way: he had recently announced his creative bankruptcy in the famous 'Crack-up' articles, and he was drinking heavily. The drinking habits of writers is an over-popular subject, but Miss Graham's comments here are helpful. It appears that Fitzgerald was the most unfortunate type of drinker, in whom a normal enjoyment of drinking is allied to a ferocious physical need for alcohol. Such a person is liable to be drunk all the time, but Fitzgerald emphatically was not, as Miss Graham demonstrates. During the years he was with her, he paid his creditors, he maintained his mad wife in an expensive sanatorium and his daughter in an expensive finishing-school, he lived well himself and was generous to his friends. He managed all this by writing film

scripts and short stories for the commercial magazines, and still he was able to work on his novel. Half-finished as it is, *The Last Tycoon* is very fine, and probably we have Miss Graham to thank for its existence.

It does not matter that she does not understand Fitzgerald's work very well. Particularly she fails to appreciate the fairy-tale quality in it, which is at once its charm and its weakness. Fitzgerald's idea of the girl Kathleen is not quite real, but one cannot say that of his relationship with Miss Graham, in her account of it. She seems to have known how to handle him when he was drunk, mean and violent as he became then, but far more often she experienced from him an outstanding kindness, thoughtfulness, and gaiety. It is apparent that among his other gifts Fitzgerald possessed the talent for intimacy, which is perhaps the greatest talent of all. It is easy to believe that Miss Graham's Fitzgerald is the author of the books we know. There is no more vivid evocation of the man.

British Policy in Changing Africa

By Sir Andrew Cohen.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 12s.

This little book contains some lectures given by Sir Andrew Cohen at the North Western University. It is therefore brief, general and directed to an American audience. These characteristics accepted, the book has much value for us in Britain. Sir Andrew is trebly qualified to make this exposition: to long and authoritative service at the Colonial Office he added a term as governor of Uganda at a critical stage; and now, as British representative on the Trusteeship Council, he can look back upon 'colonialism' from the forum where it meets the comment—not always unprejudiced—of the world. But what should chiefly commend him to the reader is a personal rather than a professional qualification, his courageous and practical liberalism.

Sir Andrew begins with a brief glance back at the history of British colonial policy—but he must be reproached for treating of the anti-slavery tradition without mentioning Livingstone—and then outlines the constitutional growth towards self-government of the West and East African dependencies. This brings him to his current analysis of African nationalism, its encounter with tribalism, and the structure and ideas of British colonial government. There follows a picture, graphic but perhaps too uniformly favourable, of 'The British Officer in the Field'. Especially valuable to the British reader is the light he next throws upon the generally hidden and always changing relations between the governor and the Secretary of State for the Colonies and his Department. Finally, he considers the future relations between Africa and the West, summarizing the demands and the psychology of the newly independent nations and the need for Britain and the United States to meet them intelligently and in co-operation.

But the kernel of the book, the part which the writer's experience in Downing Street and in Uganda qualifies him so well to write, is the part in which he prescribes for the treatment of

nationalism. He welcomes it as motive force necessary for the accomplishment of the end of all British trusteeship, independent self-government. In a brilliant passage, he analyses the complex inter-play of pressures from the colonial and the home governments, from African and British opinion—both multiple elements—by which the movement is impelled forward. There is humanity as well as common sense in the remark about nationalists which Mr. Adlai Stevenson rightly picks out for his foreword, that 'we should treat them neither as saints nor as agitators' and that we 'should not be disappointed when a nationalist turns out to be less than perfect'.

It would be too easy a game, and an unfair one, for a reviewer to bowl Sir Andrew out upon an imaginary fourth stump which he was not defending. Yet a British reader is impelled, if not to complain of an omission in this book, at least to hope that another book may complete the treatment of the problem of nationalism. For this force is not fully analysed in its special African form, nor could the difficulties of dealing with it be fully treated. What is to be done, for example, when nationalism is not a natural internal product but is largely activated from outside? Violence, Sir Andrew says, 'must be firmly resisted and dealt with, for nationalists are not above the law'. But the most up-to-date leaders have learned the political value of violence and may turn it on and off at will. Though he mentions Mau Mau it is only to state his intention not to deal with it. And there is only a passing reference to the crisis of the Kabaka's deportation. He assumes easily, perhaps a little too easily, that the Kenya problem is on the way to a settlement in which the settlers will continue to play their essential part as a minority. But it is, of course, in Central Africa that the problem of the mixed state presents the strongest challenge to British statesmanship. And the Central African Federation, which Sir Andrew did so much to bring to birth, is outside the areas he covers. When it is admitted that these lectures did not provide the time or perhaps the place for the speaker to wrestle with these deep issues, which have developed so much further in the seventeen months since he lectured, it is a tribute to Sir Andrew, rather than a criticism, to hope that before long he will bring his powerful mind and wide authority to bear upon them.

MARGERY PERHAM

The Control of the Purse. By Dr. Paul Einzig. Secker and Warburg. 35s.

The theme of this book is described with admirable brevity in Lord Kennet's foreword: 'The control of national expenditure by Parliament and the people through Parliament has diminished, is diminishing and ought to be increased'. Dr. Einzig has undertaken a large task in compiling the first comprehensive, historical account of the struggle for parliamentary control of government expenditure in Britain. He tells the story not so much in the guise of a historian as in that of a propagandist. Although this approach adds a great deal to the readability and topicality of the book, it detracts from it in other respects. One would wish that the monumental effort and research that have gone into its compilation had not been spoilt by too many generalizations and appeals to the emotions.

The fact remains that in recent years, as the expenditure of the Government has become absolutely and relatively larger and its financial affairs more and more complex, the House of Commons has increasingly abdicated from its role of controller of the purse. It is losing the tradition which created democratic government in Britain and of which the inspiring chapter headings are to be found in Magna Carta, John Hampden's revolt against the payment of ship money, and the Bill of Rights.

Estimates are no longer subject to detailed discussion by Parliament. There is a relic of the former scrutiny in the allocation of a goodly number of 'supply days' but these are used for debating general subjects which more often than not have only the most tenuous link with the details of government expenditure. A few items of that expenditure are carefully analysed and often criticized by the Public Accounts Committee. By the time this committee has done its work and reported, the damage has been done. The stable door is firmly closed but after the horse has bolted.

Dr. Einzig suggests that more time should be given by the House to detailed consideration of expenditure estimates and that more use should be made of the advice of those who are experts in the actual business under discussion. Taxation by consent was the principle on which democratic government evolved in this country and prevailed over absolute monarchy. Expenditure by consent must be the principle on which democracy will have to be defended and prevail against absolute bureaucracy.

PAUL BAREAU

Presenting Welsh Poetry. Edited by Gwyn Williams. Faber. 10s. 6d.

Some things should not be uttered in print. Several of them are to be found between the covers of this book. All the poems here are in English, half of them being translations from the Welsh, and the others poems written in English by people who are either Welsh or have sufficient Welsh connexion to qualify for a Davis Cup team. This latter section begins with King Henry VIII and ends with Dylan Thomas. The moderns (particularly Alun Lewis, Brenda Chamberlain, Glyn Jones) come out very well; the earlier pieces are, in general, curiously bad.

English versions of poems originally written in Welsh cannot be called Welsh poetry. These versions may be beautiful achievements in themselves. In *The Burning Tree* (1956) Professor Williams produced an enchanting volume of his own translations. That book was memorable, even though the poems were as necessarily different from the Welsh originals as the English language differs from Welsh. This time he has been nowhere near as successful, except, not surprisingly, in the items which also appeared in *The Burning Tree*. Now the translations are by various hands, beginning with Thomas Gray, whose lolloping version of lines from 'Y Gododdin' bears as much resemblance to Aneurin's sixth-century commando poem as the Sussex Downs to the crags of Snowdon. And the section closes, almost, with Professor Williams's own rendering of 'Y Llwynog' by Williams Parry (d. 1954). This sonnet, in the original Welsh, is worthy of a European anthology; as a 'Ding-Gedicht' it could have found place in Rilke's *Neue Gedichte*; it is a wonderfully effective complex of craft and

sensitivity. But the English version given here is dead and drab and forced, hardly worthy of a school magazine. Presenting Welsh poetry? Don't believe it. This is a masquerade, misrepresenting Welsh poetry.

IDRIS PARRY

The Politics of English Dissent By Raymond G. Cowherd.

Epworth Press. 21s.

The title of this volume is misleading until it has been amplified. Fortunately, its sub-title—'The Religious Aspects of Liberal and Humanitarian Reform Movements from 1815 to 1848'—performs this service for the reader at an early stage. Professor Cowherd, of the Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has set himself the limited aim of describing the contribution of 'Dissent' to reform on a wide section of Britain's home front during the thirty years between Waterloo and the 'Year of Revolutions'. He records step by step and in some detail the part taken by the Evangelicals within the Church and the Methodists, Unitarians, Quakers and other sects outside it in securing the removal of civil disabilities, slavery abolition, the Reform Bill, the beginnings of national primary education, factory legislation, and so on. His account is clearly based on much research, and makes a real contribution to the knowledge of one aspect of these turbulent years. It is especially useful as a convenient survey of the Evangelical and Dissenting bodies' propaganda and pressure organizations, and of the part taken by individuals belonging to these religious groups in Parliament in furthering liberal and humane causes.

But while one is grateful to Professor Cowherd for compressing and simplifying his chosen theme, it is necessary to remark that his book has the defects of these virtues. Perhaps unintentionally, it conveys the impression that the Evangelicals and Dissenters were all godly men continually geared, where politics were concerned, to promoting just causes; and the Tories (the status of the Whigs is less clear) all wicked men bent on frustrating them. This springs perhaps from too charitable or detached a view on the author's part of an age in which disturbance, crisis, near-violence, and party animosity were almost continuous features.

The strong emotions which so many of these causes evoked give the achievements of Wilberforce or Ashley (Tories), and Baines the elder or Waithman (Liberal Whigs), in terms of personal relationships and tactics much interest. This book also over-simplifies the complex of social and political worlds in which the Evangelical and Dissenting reformers and agitators moved. What was thought in humbler Dissenting spheres, we should like to know, of Sir Mathew Wood, Bart., Parliamentary leader of the London Dissenters but also friend and counsellor of Queen Caroline, maker of one fortune and inheritor of another? And was John Wilks, secretary of the Protestant Society for so long and M.P. in the eighteen-thirties for Boston, at all embarrassed in his political activities by the operations of his son and namesake in promoting bogus companies in London and Paris and managing a fraudulent clerical registry office? It is to be hoped that Professor Cowherd, having given us this compact and useful survey, will now use his large knowledge

of his theme to offer us an account, even if only for part of the thirty-year period in question, of the Evangelical and Dissenting reformers in greater depth. In view of the contemporary

importance of their struggles and the fruitfulness of their achievement this would be a rewarding task. The bibliography of the present book includes sections on contemporary books

and pamphlets and on the modern authorities in this field which should prove useful to those wishing to pursue the topic further.

TERENCE H. O'BRIEN

New Novels

H. M. Pulham, Esquire. By John P. Marquand. Collins. 16s.

Bond Street Story. By Norman Collins. Collins. 16s.

An Affair with the Moon. By Terence De Vere White. Gollancz. 15s.

The Fat Valley. By J. B. Pick. Arco. 15s.

AUGUST AND A PRINTING STRIKE have combined to make a lean season. At such times the reviewer is tempted to turn out his usual article on the Decline of the Novel. But perhaps things are not so bad. There is at any rate Mr. Marquand, whose sustained artistry sometimes gets less than its due because it has been exercised so often, and so often on the same sort of material. This book is the second of a series of reissues of his earlier works, but he can still run rings round anybody living at one of the central tasks of the novel—the patient and unhurried presentation of the manners of a class. It is a presentation deepened by sympathy with the individual, pointed by irony, but entirely unburdened with social purpose, and unseasoned with the popular spices of catastrophe, cruelty and perverseness.

Marquand is not in the least concerned to show that there ought to be more scientists or that people are queerer than you think. The present retrospect over the life of a middle-aged Boston business man is as normal as blueberry pie, and typical to the verge of banality; but it never falls over the edge. In the work of this writer we expect the control to be perfect and the picture to stay completely within the frame; the wonder here is that a story largely of negations and missed chances should absorb and sustain the interest as it does. I think there are several reasons for this. One is a particularly skilful relation between the typical and the individual. H. M. Pulham represents a type and a class that we are tolerably familiar with in American literature. In telling his own story he never steps outside these appointed limits; yet he manages to speak with his own voice. The descendant of Puritans, he is predestined never to do anything he really wants; the descendant of Harvard men, he must be a gentleman at all costs; the descendant of Transcendentalists, he is determined to think well of everybody. Yet his faint movements towards fulfilling his own real impulses, his timid breaks with tradition, his still-born criticisms of some of the people around him, are sufficient to make him a pathetically likable figure. He never degenerates from an individual into a thesis, though as a person he is little more than the dim battleground where mutually contradictory forces cancel each other out.

Another reason for Marquand's success is that his particular society is so confined by its own strange shibboleths that little more than a deadpan realism is required to produce all the effects of irony. We are not invited to reject the corruptions of this world in the name of its own best self; for all the sympathy of the presentation we are compelled to stand decidedly on the outside. This is only possible in portraying a closed society with its own limits, its own in-

visible barriers, its own objects of belief. Henry James's complaint of the flatness of American life as material for the novelist is well known: 'No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church . . . no great universities or public schools . . . no literature, no art, no museums, no pictures'. How completely out of date this is; indeed it often seems now that the boot is on the other foot, that it is English middle-class society which is shapeless and featureless. At any rate Marquand can show that the impalpable barrier that prevents a perfectly ordinary and respectable Bostonian from marrying a perfectly ordinary and respectable New Yorker who works in the same firm as himself can be made to serve all the purposes of the elaborate institutional distinctions whose absence the great expatriate deplored.

We can see how much is meant by this careful craftsmanship and the integrity of a limited purpose if we turn from Marquand to Mr. Collins. *Bond Street Story* depicts the life of a big department store, in a style of excruciating coyness, with a liberal use of folksy cliché in character and situation, and a marked deficiency of principal verbs:

Out here, life was going on all around her. And she was part of it, contributing to it. Before she had reached Knightsbridge she had felt herself looked at. Recognized. Desired. Thought about. She became reconciled to life again.

A department store is not a society, it is an organization; and the interest that this kind of novel can have is that it can show how the organization works, and how it affects the lives of the individuals concerned in it. Arnold Bennett could do this kind of thing, though his best novels derive their interest from other sources. But Arnold Bennett had a passion for knowing how things worked, how much they cost, how much people earned and how they spent it. I do not think this kind of interest is ever primary in a good novel; but it is an important secondary factor in a novel of this kind. Mr. Collins has hardly a trace of real documentary passion. Rammell's shop is simply a convenient means of bringing a number of people together, and there is little intimacy or knowledge beyond what the casual outsider could supply. So the book must stand or fall by the individual stories. As it happens they are all cheap stereotypes; rumbustious old boss of the first generation; ulcer-ridden boss of the second generation; 'artistic' and unwilling young boss of the third generation; demure and pretty assistant; dumb and gold-digging model; and so on. One of the ungrateful tasks of the reviewer is to distinguish between the novel as a work of art and the novel as a commercial commodity. Probably the only thing is to be blunt about it. Mr. Collins's work belongs in

the latter class. The blurb says that *Bond Street Story* is half-a-dozen different novels in one. For those who want half-a-dozen women's-magazine serials bound together to the length of 450 pages—well, Irene, Marcia, Mr. Bloot and the rest of them will be just the thing.

In *An Affair with the Moon* we find an obviously accomplished writer attempting a novel for the first time. Mr. White has written biography and autobiography, and he commands a straightforward, unaffected yet delicately distinguished style, with a nice touch of quiet irony. But he is not quite sure what he is trying to do. A solid Yorkshire lawyer in early middle age marries a silly beautiful flibbertigibbet. He belongs to the everyday familiar world, she to a P. G. Wodehouse never-never-land. Then they move to Ireland, and we seem to be in for a post-war Anglo-Irish romp, with rascally agents, eccentric neighbours and accidents in the hunting-field—a latter-day Somerville and Ross. All very enjoyable, even if it is hard to believe that such a shrewd and discerning character as the narrator-hero could ever have made such an ass of himself. Then, just as we are prepared to enjoy the book on this level, it turns into a quite serious and even moving study of the fate of a sensible man tied up to a lovely, hopeless and almost heartless fool. We become far more engaged with the story than we ever thought we could be, and decidedly startled by an unexpectedly astringent close. This is a book with obvious failures of consistency; and with equally obvious signs of promise, in more than one direction.

The Fat Valley is a short tale set in the Germany of the Thirty Years War. The plot is rather like that of the Japanese film *The Seven Samurai*. A wandering band of soldiers come across the miracle of a yet unlooted valley, and instead of slaughtering the peasants are persuaded to settle with them and defend them. The agent of this uneasy alliance is Vogel, neither soldier nor peasant. In a world and time almost destitute of values he forms a friendship with the soldiers' captain, and they set up an uncertain polity. It almost looks as though an island civility, order and even love might be about to establish itself; but treachery within and the greater disorder without are too much for it; death and rapine reassert their usual reign. A good theme, but (a rare complaint) I think it needs expansion. The story is told in a clipped and economical way that suits the grim subject well, but does not give it enough elbow-room. There are too many scenes and incidents for a *novella*, and some of them want fullness and development. So the thing does not quite come off as it should. Nevertheless something worth while is being attempted.

GRAHAM HOUGH

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Lost Labors

IN THE series 'Lost Without Trace' it seems to me that we have the spectacle of an excellent initial idea being progressively mishandled until it reaches the point of pure absurdity. Last Thursday's subject was *Love's Labor's Won*, a play-title that until recently was known only from a single reference by Francis Meres in the fifteen-nineties, where it is coupled with *Love's Labour's Lost* and ascribed to the youthful Shakespeare. Most reputable scholars have considered it a chimera, probably a second title to some Shakespearean play already known: say, *All's Well that Ends Well*, or *Love's Labor's Won*, comparable to *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*. In 1953 a second reference was found, in roughly similar form, in a fragment of a seventeenth-century Exeter bookseller's catalogue. An important discovery? A moment's reflection shows that, beyond confirming that Meres did not simply make a slip of the pen, the previous situation remains quite unchanged.

How does 'Lost Without Trace' set about discovering an object that not merely almost certainly does not exist but never did anyway? They couldn't and didn't. They posed two questions. First, if Shakespeare *did* write it, at what period of his life was it? Answer: the Christian

name of Shakespeare's father, a picture of 'the birthplace', some stories about deer-stealing, and a scale model of the Globe theatre. Second, if you found it, what would it look like? Answer (and those who failed to see the programme will hardly believe me): a full-scale replica of a Tudor printing-machine and a learned explanation of it down to the last frisket and gasket—at the conclusion of which a mocked-up title-page was flashed before our eyes, out of focus, for approximately half a second. And that was



Professor A. H. Smith with a Tudor printing press in 'Lost Without Trace' on August 20

that: a monumental exercise in irrelevance.

I admit to bitterness about this programme; but the whole series ought to have been so good, and (apart from its excellent opening) so signally isn't. Good material, good outside scholars, are simply frittered away—the stuff about the printing-press, for instance, would have been quite first-class in any rational context: *Love's Labor's Lost Without Trace*, in fact. One wishes to preserve the forms of politeness, but in face of the outrageously silly it is really too difficult.

One final point: the bookseller's list was invariably referred to as 'a list of Shakespeare's plays', whereas anyone conversant with court-hand could see at a glance it wasn't. Similar inaccuracies have marred every previous programme. In other contexts this might be thought not to matter; but research is an exact business and anything less than absolute precision is useless. It is also no business for amateurs; and unless Mr. Johnstone and Miss Wilcox Bower resign themselves to calling in professional assistance they will continue to excite perfectly justified academic derision.

To happier matters. 'Rescue Dig' on August 16, about emergency archaeological excavations on part of the site of the Roman fort of Segontium, near Caernarvon, before it is engulfed in a housing estate, was full of admirably presented and organized information that gave



A thirteen-year-old drummer boy in the S.S.A.F.A. searchlight tattoo televised from the White City on August 18

J. Curran

clear insight into some of the elementary problems and practices of 'the dig'. The method of dating pottery fragments, for instance, a distinctly tricky subject, could not have been better indicated to the layman. The only flaw (and this was bad luck rather than judgment) was the emergency replacement of Glyn Daniel by Wynford Vaughan Thomas, who started off by referring to the author of the prose *Dream of Maxen Wledig* as 'the old Welsh poet', and generally charged about in the pottery-shop thereafter. After the grave and measured accents of the academic, the shrill call of the publicist strikes a cheap and jarring note.

'Ask Your Dad' (Wednesday) is another programme that has presumably been far corrupted from its original intention. The 'Dads' are not dads but professional entertainers. The 'Families' are not families but pairs of selected children unrelated either to the dads or to each other. The 'Mystery Voice'

is not a mystery: it belongs to Mr. James Urquhart, whose name and photograph were both printed beside the programme in last week's *Radio Times*. The actual game of 'Ask Your Dad' occupied precisely the last three minutes of thirty. There was time for exactly four questions. The children were asked two questions and answered them. The Dads were asked to explain 'euphemism' and 'ancient lights' respectively, and couldn't.

The celebration of Mass on an open-air altar in the grounds of 'The Grail' at Pinner continued the current summer policy of keeping Christianity out of doors. A poor Brains Trust on the same day provided Dr. Bronowski with no sparring-partner.

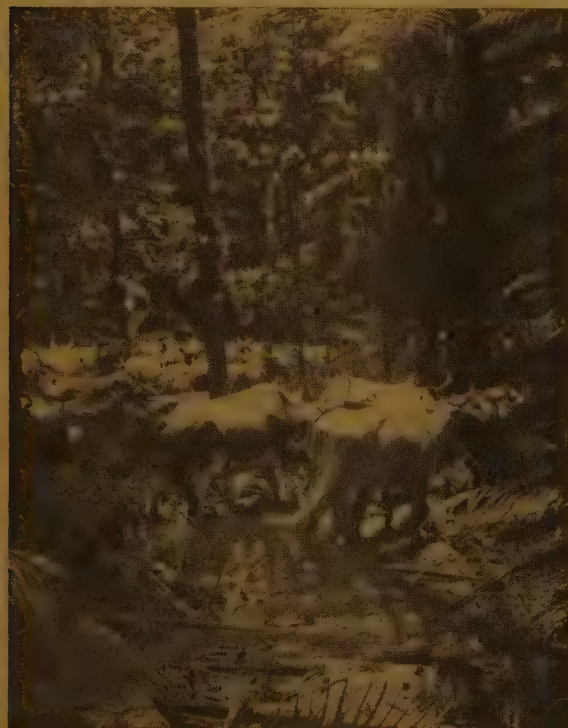
HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Brilliant Sun—and Others

DESPITE THE counter-attraction of the garden on a lovely summer evening I was prepared to enjoy *Whistling in the Dark* (Sunday-Night Theatre, August 16). At the least, I reasoned, it would have the perennial interest of a who-dunnit; or, rather, a how-dunnit, since *Radio Times* had outlined the nature of the piece.

It should have had, but somehow it hadn't, and I am not altogether certain why. The basic idea, of a best-selling crime novelist in America being forced by gangsters to invent a fool-proof method of killing the police commissioner who is making their activities unprofitable and



From *Land of the Lost*, a film of the Oxford and Cambridge expedition to South America, shown in 'Travellers' Tales' on August 21: cattle on the 300-mile trail through the jungle from Georgetown, British Guiana, to the Rupununi savannahs

dangerous, had definite possibilities; and the plan the novelist eventually devises is ingenious and plausible. Written realistically, with dashes of wry humour, it could have been a comedy-thriller as good as, for example, *The Cat and the Canary*.

Perhaps that is how it was written, by Edward Childs Carpenter and Laurence Gross, and how it was presented on the New York stage in the early 'twenties. Whether it was or not, James Bould, who directed the piece for television, gave us something that was at times perilously close to slapstick. In such uncongenial environment the seminal idea died, and my interest died with it, its end being hastened by the atrocious attempts at an American accent by most of the English cast.

Scottish television drama is beginning to mean one thing to me—long, well-meaning, dull plays about a breed of sanctimonious fisher-folk who never have any money (because of the poor fishing), but who live in sizable houses, much larger than any Scottish fishermen's cottages I have seen, and whose wives and sweethearts go about all day in clothes that would hardly be out of place in a session of *Drumbeat*. The men wear thick, roller-necked sweaters and thigh-length wellingtons in the house and out, and oilskins even when the sea is dead calm and the sun is shining. Their speech is heavily larded with archaisms and folksy Gaelic words seldom heard nowadays except on the stage, and it is spoken with as much rolling of *rs* and as many other Scottish characteristics as can be exploited.

Not all of these untypical, and unreal, features were to be found in *Guilty Together*, by Naomi Mitchison and Denis Macintosh (August 18), but many were. Like the American piece mentioned earlier, this could have been better than it was. The story had most of the elements of good drama. The skipper of a trawler (Joseph O'Connor) is persuaded by his son (Iain Cuthbertson), part-owner of the boat, to abandon his life-long principles and use a smaller-mesh net, as the other trawler-owners are doing, which will be good for profits even if bad for future generations of fish. But the change is made too late, and bankruptcy threatens. The son and another member of the trawler's crew (Leonard Maguire) plan to drive the boat on to the rocks and collect the insurance money. During the opera-

tion the friend is drowned.

Rumours circulate. The police investigate. Divers examine the wreck for the insurance company—and find that the steering gear did indeed jam as the son had pretended (weak twist, this). So all is well, except for the consciences of those concerned. But a bad conscience, it seems, can be lived with if a knowledge of its cause is shared by others. Since half-a-dozen people in the village, including the minister, know what was done, and the son knows that they know, he can set about spending his whack of the £7,000 with a tolerably easy mind.

All this could have been worked up into a reasonable



Whistling in the Dark on August 16, with (left to right) Peter Sallis as Wallace Porter, Vic Wise as Herman Leftkowitz, Jerold Wells as Charlie Shaw, John Phillips as Jacob Dillon, J. Mark Roberts as Slim Scanlon, and Dervis Ward as Joe Salvatore



La Cenerentola from Glyndebourne on August 20: (centre) Anna Maria Rota as Angelina (*La Cenerentola*) and Juan Oncina as Prince Ramiro; (left) Ian Wallace as Don Magnifico and (right) Sesto Bruscantini as Dandini

Guy Gravett

produced it, one can be sure it closely resembled the real thing.

Not for me, I think, to say more about *La Cenerentola*, the Rossini opera relayed from Glyndebourne (to most of Europe as well as to us) on August 20, than that it was a dazzlingly brilliant sun that made the other celestial bodies last week seem pretty insignificant.

PETER POUND

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Play for the Committed

Rhinoceros, produced by Michael Bakewell (Third, August 20), completely routs the shallow and hasty criticism which was made in London last year of the works of M. Eugène Ionesco. At that time his intentions were called in doubt and he was accused by so-called committed critics of not being committed. *Rhinoceros* now proves that he can hit out at society harder than most of his critics would dare to or could.

An opening in an ordinary street with the sudden appearance of rhinoceroses suggests a wild burlesque piece of surrealist nonsense. Even when the inmates of a café start discussing the creatures, one merely feels that M. Ionesco is having some gay satirical fun. But the surrealism becomes real and the satire develops a savage cutting edge. Nearly every kind of philosophical approach to the problem of man's perpetuation as a thinking creature is pilloried and condemned. A figure called The Logician (Derek Birch) fusses brilliantly with the irrelevancies of logic instead of asking why the creatures have appeared. Others blame the government, accuse the trade unions, anonymous conspirators, and even try to drag in the colour bar to explain the rhinocerotie phenomenon.

The only man who will not accept their explanations is Berenger, a drunken clerk who doesn't care for their arguments and simply wants to live. He is laughed at by the others but it is they, and not he, who turn into rhinoceroses. Very soon all the people in the country have become rhinoceroses and their reasons for changing are as ridiculous as their previous arguments against the creatures. Some believe that it is their duty to change, some struggle against the change; but their one-time acceptance of arguments, that were only superficially realized, renders them unable to resist



Guilty Together on August 18, with (left to right) Iain Cuthbertson as Jack Macdonald, John Stevenson Lang as Old Kipples, Joseph O'Connor in wheelchair as the Skipper, John Grieve as Barney, and Leonard Maguire as Hector

play but it was not. The pace was too leisurely, tensions lacking, dialogue flat, and the mechanics of production, e.g., the switching from film to studio set, creaked badly.

The only other drama item of the week, *Mr. Bossom's Day*, by Edward Grierson, was a kind of documentary about life in a barrister's chambers. Edward Chapman was Bossom, the clerk of chambers, and we followed him through a typical working day, accepting and rejecting briefs for his 'young men', advising, scheming, cajoling, obviously a treasure to Mr. Curtis, the head of chambers but, like all treasures, a bit of a nuisance at times. This was an interesting insight into a corner of the legal world not often publicized and, as Nesta Pain

the change. Finally there is only Berenger (Oscar Quitak) who is left with Daisy (Andrée Melly) in a world of thundering hooves and bellowings.

Facing a world that has gone mad, Berenger appeals to Daisy to help him rebuild a human society of thinking individuals. But she has no taste for the work and finally succumbs because she too cannot live outside the herd. When she goes, Berenger is left loading and firing his rifle at the stampeding herds. When he says at the last, 'I'm not capitulating. I'm not capitulating', he speaks for his author and for all those who believe that the answers to the world's problems are not as simple as self-appointed committed ones think they are. This production had to be cut, which is regrettable; but there was, even so, enough of the play left to make it clear that *Rhinoceros* is a major work and a landmark in the work of M. Ionesco.

Mr. Arthur Laurents's novel *Home of the Brave* (Home, August 17) which was a study of the causes for the psychosomatic paralysis of a Jewish P.f.c. in the U.S. Army in the war in the Pacific, was a curious choice for radio adaptation. Archie Campbell adapted and produced it, and the flash-back technique in the novel lent itself well to radio dramatization. The Jewish P.f.c., Peter Coen (David Knight), was interviewed under drugs by a doctor (Macdonald Parke); and his recollections of a mission on a Japanese-occupied island served to explain the cause of his paralysis. Though the island scene was powerfully evoked and the cast did good service to the American accent, my quarrel remains with Mr. Laurents, who seemed to be using the background of a particularly unpleasant war to engage in good teach-yourself psychology.

The droll narrator seems to be a feature of German radio presentation. Hans Baumann adapted Nikolai Leskov's story *The Sentry* (Home, August 19) which was produced by William Glen-Doepel. Herr Baumann's narrator (James Thomason) told this cautionary tale of a sentry who is rewarded with lashes for deserting his post to save a drowning man.

Mr. Glen-Doepel also produced G. W. Stonier's *Chap in a Bowler Hat* which was also a short story. It was told through the voice of the Traveller (John Gabriel) on a train to Bristol. One shared the Traveller's amusement and observations as he was singled out by the Chap in the Bowler Hat (James Thomason), who told the terrifying story of the way he had met his socially superior wife and had ended up by murdering her. This kind of story could have been given specialized horror treatment but it was told naturally and gained enormously.

Christopher Sykes's production of Angela Petter's *The Burning Ground* (Third, August 21) was clearer than the previous production of the play. But the Indian legend on which it was based is too remote for a ready and immediate understanding. My appreciation was limited by my ignorance of Indian legend.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

People Meet the People

AN UNSENSATIONAL PROGRAMME—'Victoria Coach Station'—broadcast this week in the Home Service (Wednesday, August 19) turned out in fact to be the best possible comment on one of the quiet revolutions of our time. This was the first of a series called 'Exits And Entrances', devised and compiled by René Cutforth to illustrate the character and atmosphere of the main London termini. It may sound like a far-sought quest for material, and the first few minutes certainly suggested work with the scissors and paste. But then things settled down

with a typical family, from Walthamstow, of people who had become devotees of 'travelling the friendly way'.

A vast network of coach services now covers western Europe. No way of travel calls for less enterprise, catering as it does for every hour of its clients' time from the moment they leave their doorstep. It may be easy to smile at this, and at the results—Tyneside accents in Cannes, and a Blackpool atmosphere in the Balearics. But the important thing is that Europe has been opened up to a wide and influential class of people for whom it was once only a report in the newspapers. And, to judge from this supremely average family from Walthamstow, what surprises them most on their travels is the discovery that people of other countries can be friendly and 'nice'. A French family, met with while coaching across France, can be greeted like lifelong friends when encountered again on the way to the Lido—although neither side has a word in common. This may be a general experience for people who, until a dozen years ago, could assume—passively or belligerently—that foreigners were not human. I was left wondering if 'travelling the friendly way' might not be doing more for international understanding than the crawl to the summit.

The next evening the same programme brought a more dramatic treatment to the problem of why there are more people in prison in this country than ever before. 'Out from Inside' was the second in Merfyn Turner's series and dealt chiefly, in close-up terms, with the problems confronting the prisoner on release. Panic, bewilderment, a sense of nervous collapse seem to be the general reactions. As one of them put it: 'Your punishment starts when you come out, if you've no home'. To be catapulted into a homeless world, with only a few shillings in your pocket, can mean desperation, crawling into empty buses, or breaking into a factory and turning on an electric fire, to get a night's sleep and warmth.

Mr. Turner obviously has no illusions about his subjects: and the voice of the confirmed groucher was easy to tell from the quieter, more desperate voices of those who had nearly given up hope. These interviews again and again revealed the wall that tends to rise between the prison case and the authorities, with a confirmed sense of persecution on one side of it, and a half-justified despair on the other. But what this programme illustrated more than anything was the crying need for some kind of half-way house where the released but homeless prisoner can be given board, lodging, a token amount of work for its own sake, and a modicum of freedom, before finding his feet and setting out on his own.

For the rest of this week's programmes, 'The Princess Royal', a radio poem by J. M. Weston (Tuesday, Third) described itself at the outset as a 'picture of all shipwrecks' and seemed to me to succeed, to admiration, in being a portrait of none. So much so that I abandoned ship, five minutes before the end, and turned over to the Home Service, to find Miss Naomi Jacob already well launched on a voyage of self-revelation in this week's 'Frankly Speaking'. Described as a famous novelist, Miss Jacob turned out to be a lot of things besides: a cure and a caution in fact, with a nice, broad Yorkshire accent, a stage-and-music-hall past, a big, warm heart, a love of 'brass', and of animals. 'Ah luv 'em all, except bats'. Why not bats? 'Oh, couldn't possibly tell you that, not in a public interview'. Radiogenic in the extreme, Miss Jacob led her interlocutors more of a dance than anyone else in this series since Thurber.

This week's 'Matters of Moment', armed with three anonymous doctors and a lawyer to deal with the new Mental Health Act, was yet another example—if it had been needed—of how

well equipped is the expert, in command of all the facts and innocent of all the arts of exposition or argument, for putting any listener to sleep.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Twentieth-Century Masters

WE ENGLISH LOVE old age. A man needs only to reach his century for us in return to reach an ecstasy of congratulation, no matter how much we may have ignored his very existence until then. And not even that; seventy-five is considered a good moment for celebrations. Mr. Basil Cameron, the least publicized though by no means the least dependable of the regular conductors of the Promenade Concerts (always turned to in an emergency when the other man was ill) celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday last week by conducting the first of the Promenade Concerts especially labelled 'Masters of the Twentieth Century' with the London Symphony Orchestra (Third), and giving place to Sir William Walton in the latter half of the programme; having by then proved his right to be considered a musician capable of interpreting admirably works by Janáček (the *Sinfonietta*), Ravel (the Piano Concerto in G) and Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*.

Mr. Cameron had his share of that kind of heady applause we hand out when members of an Albert Hall 'Prom' audience, and it is to be hoped that he realized how grateful we have been for long when, not merely with glittering panache, he has come to our aid and provided us with dependable performances of music we wanted to be played well rather than smartly. To others the glitter of a 'wonderful, my dear' performance; to him a performance for which a composer would be grateful: such as, in this instance, the Stravinsky. This *Symphony of Psalms*, once a forbidding work but by now one that we take to easily, finding ourselves easily drawn into what we once thought were its superficialities but now know to be its profundities, demands rather more intensity than was forthcoming in this performance. Nevertheless it was finely sung and played and it made a great impression. Also it was the kind of performance that any conductor might be glad to direct at a moment when the public had been warned that, for him, the occasion has unusual numerical significance.

After the interval Sir William Walton was in charge, the first of two performances within five days of his symphony, now prophetically styled Number One in anticipation of the second which is announced as impending. This was a lively performance, but in Edinburgh, on the first night of this year's festival (Sunday, Third), he and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra produced something better in the way of that rhythmic activity which is one of the outstanding characteristics of the work.

With this there was the *Partita for Orchestra*, a display work of great ability which can be looked upon either as a charming slow movement between two very energetic movements or as the contrast of two outer movements which are the epitome of our age of increasing mechanization separated by the nostalgic *Pastorale Siciliana*. The playing was admirable throughout and the work, one of Walton's most efficient, scintillated with vigour. Pierre Fournier's interpretation of the cello concerto was eloquent and altogether masterly. Here Walton has created a work worthy to be placed beside the exquisite viola concerto which, in 1929, convinced us that a new master and a man of a thoughtful disposition had come upon the scene.

On the previous evening (Saturday, Third)

another and very different type of symphony was given in a performance which, in my opinion, will never be surpassed. It was Mahler's second symphony, the vast 'Resurrection', as it is called; inflated, repetitive, and yet not to be dismissed and in fact an unforgettable experience for anyone sufficiently naive to go the whole way with it. In this instance the conductor was Bruno Walter, and one was glad to read that the performance was on gramophone records; it can thus become a private pleasure in the future.

I first came on Mahler's second symphony

some thirty years ago in Amsterdam with Mengelberg conducting. He was a great Mahlerian, but already an egregious exhibitionism was getting the better of his musicianship and all I remember of that occasion was Mengelberg with Mahler's music somewhere in the shadowy background. Bruno Walter is a man of a more subtle type. An intense admirer of Mahler, both as conductor and composer, he made it his business to get so close to Mahler's music that the interpretation of it became second nature to him. Unlike Mengelberg, he exhibits not himself but the music, and

the effect of that keen penetration of the score was felt on Saturday night. For once this long work seemed as though it were the inevitable unfolding of a perfectly proportioned scheme, so rightly placed were all the climaxes, so just the pace, so pure the texture. As Mahler insisted, there was a lengthy pause, in reality a full interval, between the first and second movements. And so the great symphony was displayed in the way the composer desired, though it is doubtful whether he ever heard a performance of such splendour as this.

SCOTT GODDARD

A Swedish Space Opera

By ROBERT LAYTON

Blomdahl's 'Aniara' will be broadcast from Edinburgh at 6.55 p.m. on September 5 (Third Programme)



IN A COUNTRY so richly endowed with vocal talent as Sweden one would expect a flourishing tradition of native opera. Stockholm has, of course, produced many singers of international renown from the times of Jenny Lind and Christina Nilsson down to the present day. Swedish opera, on the other hand, has won little recognition abroad, though Swedish composers, including Berwald and Rosenberg, have not neglected the medium. The most recent Swede to enter the operatic lists is Karl-Birger Blomdahl, whose *Aniara* received its first performance in May this year.

Blomdahl is the most influential Swedish composer of his generation: he is now in his early forties and has a large output behind him. A pupil of Hilding Rosenberg (and later Mogens Wöldike), he was a leading figure in the group of young composers active during the 'forties which included Sven-Erik Bäck and Ingvar Lidholm. This group closely followed developments in contemporary music and in particular the work of Hindemith, Bartók, and Schönberg. Hindemith's *Unterweisung im Tonsatz* and a good deal of important theoretical writings on modern music by Kfenek and Leibowitz were carefully studied. Blomdahl's early String Trio (1945) and the Concerto for violin and string orchestra (1946) show his emancipation from the Scandinavian tradition and the extent of his debt to Hindemith. There followed in 1947 a Second Symphony, which was highly praised by many Swedish critics, and in 1948 came the *Pastoral Suite* for strings, in which the shades of Bartók are clearly discernible. It was, however, his Third Symphony (1950), subtitled *Facetter* (*Facets*), that brought Blomdahl to international notice. The work was written at the time of his growing fascination by serial technique, though it is far from being a twelve-note work.

During the 'fifties Blomdahl has remained sensitive to musical currents on the Continent; in his score for Ingmar Bergman's remarkable film *Gycklarnas Afton* (*Sawdust and Tinsel*) of 1953, we can detect his response to the music of Webern. It is no surprise to learn that in this latest piece he makes use of electronic music.

In 1949 Blomdahl embarked on a choral and orchestral work, music to *Agamemnon*, but his first major choral piece was *I Speglarnas Sal* (*In the Hall of the Mirrors*) which dates from 1952 and is a setting of nine sonnets by the contemporary Swedish poet, Erik Lindegren. This and a second work, *Anabase* (1955-56) to the text of St. John Perse, roused a good deal of interest, since Blomdahl had shown little sympathy for vocal media in the earlier part of his career. Indeed he is on record as stating

that in his view 'lyrical poetry, by virtue of its self-enclosed perfection, does not lend itself to musical composition'. *I Speglarnas Sal*, however, won a prize at the Oslo I.S.C.M. Festival of 1952, and *Anabase* touched off a good deal of controversy in the Swedish press. Parts of the latter make liberal and (in the opinion of many critics) effective use of choral speech. Although the 'fifties have seen him largely preoccupied with the problems of vocal music, it would be misleading to assume that he has been inactive in other media. His output in recent years includes a Chamber Concerto for piano, woodwind and percussion (1953), a Trio for clarinet, 'cello and piano (1955), and two ballets, *Sisyphos* (1954) and *Minotauros* (1957), both of which were produced to a choreography of Birgit Åkesson, the choreographer of *Aniara*.

For his first opera, Blomdahl has turned to a poem by the distinguished Swedish writer, Harry Martinson. Long poems are an unusual phenomenon nowadays, and Martinson's epic of 103 poems caused a stir far beyond the limited confines of the normal literary circles. The poems as they stand are obviously unsuitable for operatic treatment: they are far too long, and accordingly a libretto has been drawn up in collaboration with Lindegren.

The action of *Aniara* takes place in the remote future when interplanetary travel is almost a commonplace. *Aniara* is the name of a space-ship bound for Mars with some 8,000 people on board, who are escaping from the poisoned, radioactive atmosphere of the Earth. At the beginning of the opera the futile and bestial cruelties that mankind has committed and is, alas, still committing, are recounted; the passengers relive in their minds the terror and devastation that has overtaken their homeland. For the first few days, however, life on board *Aniara* is fairly uneventful and the passengers sing, dance and enjoy themselves. A popular dance called the 'Yurg' is much in favour; singing is led by Daisi Doody, a person of natural gaiety and exuberance, sole survivor of Dorisburg, the city of true joy. But in the second week of their journey, the *Aniara* is thrown off its course by a shower of meteorites, and her passengers are panic-stricken to learn that they will neither be able to proceed to Mars nor return home to the Earth. They are instead doomed to travel away from the solar system, and journey onward forever into galactic space.

The opera is played out in the twenty-odd years that the inhabitants of the space-ship survive. An important role in the action is played by the ship's technical marvel called Mima, which measures in a dimension other than earth-bound time, and is symbolized on the stage by a sandless hour-glass. The Mima can gather messages and impressions from the

remotest extremities of time and space. As the space-ship proceeds on its endless journey into the immense void of galactic space, so Mima is elevated in the minds of the travellers from an instrument to a creature possessing a soul and a conscience. Subsequently she is worshipped as a goddess. The years of travel, the appalling desolation of eternities of space take their toll on the *Aniara's* inhabitants. Various sects emerge; the ship's evil master, Chefone, establishes a tyranny over the small community; superstition flourishes along with various cults and perversions. The action is far too complex to outline in any detail, but ultimately, one by one, the travellers perish until only Isagel, the woman pilot, remains to dance her sad and lonely swan song.

Aniara is intended as more than an operatic essay in science fiction. It is a commentary on our own times and problems; a journey, as Martinson has put it, 'through the destitute and forsaken human soul'. For the passengers of *Aniara* 'life acquires a different and hitherto unknown meaning. Death takes on an unsuspected immensity, becoming synonymous with space itself, while the protective walls of *Aniara* symbolize the brevity of life. At the same time, however, these walls mercilessly reflect the spiritual poverty within their confines. Yet no galaxy is really big enough to accommodate human emotions and urges'.

Many of Martinson's original poems are of considerable power and intensity, and possess a stark, haunting, and simple beauty. Blomdahl has sought to meet the simplicity of much of the text by a corresponding stylistic simplicity in his music. He has described *Aniara* as 'an attempt to widen my register of expression to meet Martinson's epic style'. He deliberately eschews the development of his thematic ideas symphonically; the processes of thinking that are part and parcel of absolute music may well prove burdensome to the dramatic impact as a whole. He claims to treat the melodic elements in a traditional vocal idiom rather than to treat the voice as an instrumental part. There are sequences of both *musique concrète* and electronic music that appear in the scenes in which Mima is involved. The first of these taped sequences is based on certain salient words and moods in Martinson's poems; two further passages convey the various impressions received by Mima, including the destruction of Dorisburg and the Earth. 'The taped music', the composer says, 'is accorded a specific symbolic function in the tension between technique and spirit, space and earth'.

Clearly, then, *Aniara* is a work of ambitious pretensions, and those who have followed the growing reputation of its composer will await its production at Edinburgh with interest.

Gardening

Geraniums and Dahlias

By F. H. STREETER

THIS YEAR the geraniums have flowered at the expense of growth, and it will be difficult to find enough cuttings. This is the time to take the cuttings for next year's display, so go carefully and take only the number you want. Do not mind their being short-jointed; they are all the better for that, as it means well-ripened wood and sturdy plants. The cuttings root easily in either pots or boxes in sandy soil. Stand them anywhere, as long as they are in the open, or, if you wish, you can root them in the border in open ground. As soon as you have made a cutting, by removing it just below a joint and taking off the two bottom

leaves, plant it at once. One sometimes sees cuttings laid out in the sun, to 'dry off', but keep them from flagging if you can. Water them in—and that is all there is to it.

If you cannot get enough cuttings without spoiling your display, wait until the end of the season, then lift and shorten back the growths of the old plants themselves, and pot them up.

They will make large, bushy plants for next year.

Treat the ivy-leaved geraniums in the same way. A bed of Galilee or the old Madame Crousse planted with heliotrope is delightful to

moisture they can get. A little dew is not much good to them; they need a heavy drink, and mulch would help them, too. Attend to the tying and disbudding. I know many people say they want every flower they can get. This

is a mistake: by thinning down the buds you will get much finer flowers and longer stems. Kill every earwig or they will eat the petals. Always remove the spent flowers; remember, the more you cut the more will come—and do not throw the dead blooms on the ground; clear them right away.

Watch your newly planted shrubs: they may be suffering from drought. If you see the leaves hang

ing down give them two or three good soaking and you will be surprised at their recovery.

Climbing roses are catching the mildew badly at the present time, and my advice would be to give them a thorough dusting with flower of sulphur. Watch the Michaelmas daisies too, for the same mildew.

—From a talk in the Home Service



Dahlias: (left to right) double show and fancy 'Puff-ball'; collerette 'Lady Friend'; and medium cactus 'Finesse Anversoise'

look at and smell. I still think these ivy-leaved geraniums are among the finest plants for window boxes or tubs. Galilee is a double, bright-rose pink, and Madame Crousse a lovely flesh pink.

Dahlias should just be coming into their glory. It has been a little too dry for them this year; they grow so fast they need all the

Bridge Forum

Defensive Signalling

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



LAST WEEK we considered the suit preference signal, possibly the most valuable of defensive signalling devices. A similar instrument, which can do considerable good and no discernible harm, is the special high-low signal against No Trumps.

K J 10 9 7

5 4 2 A 8 6

Q 3

South, the declarer at a No Trump contract, attacks diamonds, leading first the Queen. North, the dummy, has no side entry. If East wins the first lead the declarer will have four diamond tricks: if East refuses for two rounds the declarer will have two tricks when he might have been limited to one.

The high-low convention, employed when declarer is attacking a long suit at No Trumps, requires the defender without the ace to play first high and then low when he holds an even number of cards in the suit (two or four) and to play upwards when he holds an odd number of cards. In the above diagram therefore West would play the two followed by the four: this would tell East that his partner had three cards in the suit and that he could therefore play his ace on the second round. Had West's holding been 5 2, he would have played the five followed by the two, and East would then have been

warned to hold up his ace until the third round.

The essence of this convention is to show length only when it matters: so also with the high-low trump signal against a suit contract. This convention requires the defender to play high, followed by low, when holding three trumps and anxious to ruff.

♠ K Q 9 5 4

♥ K Q 7

♦ A 8 4

♣ 6 3

♠ 7 3 2

♥ 6 2

♦ Q J 9 3

♣ A K Q 2

♠ A J 6

♥ A J 10 9 8

♦ K 5

♣ 10 8 4

♠ 10 8

♥ 5 4 3

♦ 10 7 6 2

♣ J 9 7 5

After North has bid spades, East becomes the declarer at Four Hearts. South leads the ten of spades. The declarer wins in hand, crosses to the table and leads a heart. North splits his equals and wins the second round of hearts. South plays the four to the first round and the three to the second round and North can now be certain that partner has a third trump and will be able to ruff the third round of spades.

There are those who advocate the peter to

indicate length at virtually all times in defence that is, to play high low in any suit in which an even number of cards are held, and upward in a suit in which an odd number of cards is held. The disadvantages of this method are that it creates confusion when one may want to play high simply to express a liking for a suit, and that it adds further strain to the game and in so doing is apt to induce errors in other directions.

Of various other signalling methods, mainly continental, the one most interesting to note is the 'reverse peter', credited to the Austrian expert K. Schneider. This reverses the normal procedure inasmuch as the play of a small card at the first opportunity is encouraging and the play of a high card discouraging.

A 8 7 4

J 9 3 2

East leads the king in the middle game against No Trumps. If the declarer holds 10 the nine cannot be spared, and the three may be difficult to read. The 'reverse peter' convention would call for the two, an encouraging card. The advantage is that an encouraging card can always be spared. As against this, there must be many cases when a discouraging card cannot be readily spared, as, for example, from 9 3 2.

Next week's article will deal with safety plays and card combinations.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Pastes for Paper-Hanging

THERE OFTEN SEEMS to be a certain amount of doubt, nowadays, to whether it is best to use cellulose or starch paste for paper-hanging, and one finds people veering by either type for almost every job under the sun. In my opinion, there is no one paste that is ideal for every job.

For plain papers of light to medium weight, or for light-weight papers that are not too heavily embossed, there is no doubt that a cellulose paste does a first-class job. It is very easy to handle and, providing you use a reasonable amount of care, it cuts out the danger of staining. Nevertheless, it is advisable, as far as possible, to prevent the paste from getting on the surface of the wallpaper.

The amount of solid, adhesive material in a cellulose paste is lower than in a starch paste, so that its adhesion is not so great. This means that, for the heavier wallpapers, and for the heavily embossed papers, the older starch paste comes back into its own. If, however, you are using a cellulose paste, this difficulty can be overcome to some extent by reducing the amount of water. However, there has been another development, based on starches which have been chemically treated. These are known as starch ethers, and their properties are roughly midway between cellulose paste and starch paste. These are sold in the form of cold-water pastes, and while they have somewhat greater adhesion than the cellulose types they are rather more liable to stain the paper, but not so much as the ordinary starch pastes.

When it comes to the use of heavily moulded relief materials starch paste becomes practically

essential. Even then, the adhesion may not be quite sufficient, but an addition of about fifteen per cent. of dextrin to the starch paste provides just that little bit of extra adhesion it needs to make a perfect job.

DAVID ROE

Vegetable Stock

In the summer cold soups make a delicious beginning to a meal, and they can be very nourishing if made with a good stock. For the stock you will need:

- 1/2 lb. of knuckle of veal
- 1/2 lb. of shin of beef
- 4 young carrots (or two old ones), 1 turnip,
- 1 onion, 1 leek, 1/2 head of celery, salt
- 2 pints of water
- bouquet garni

Take the bone out of the meat and cut off skin and fat. Chop the bone and take out the marrow and fat. (Reserve these for clarifying, as they would make the stock too greasy.) Cut up the meat and place with the bones in water—1 quart of water to each 1 lb. of meat and bones—and add 1/2 a teaspoon of salt to help the scum to rise. Boil quickly and skim well. Add the well-washed vegetables: carrots, cut in three lengthwise strips; turnip and onion cut and quartered. Simmer for 3 hours, skimming at intervals. When ready, place a cloth over a basin and a hair sieve on the cloth, and strain. Put the liquid in a cool place to jelly.

If you make your stock from bones and meat alone it should be boiled up each day. Stock made with root vegetables added should be used on the same day as made—or at least the day following. Should you require to use stock before it has jellified, then pass it through a

clean white cloth wrung out in cold water. The coldness will cause the fat to coagulate on the cloth and leave the stock free from grease.

ANNE BEATON

Notes on Contributors

DOROTHY PICKLES (page 303): formerly Lecturer in French at the London School of Economics; author of *France Between the Republics*, etc.

J. CHINNA DURAI (page 305): senior advocate of the Supreme Court of India

MAURICE CRANSTON (page 311): political scientist; author of *Freedom—A New Analysis*, *John Locke—A Biography*, etc.

ASA BRIGGS (page 313): Professor of Modern History, Leeds University; author of *History of Birmingham, Borough and City, 1865-1933*; *Victorian People, Friends of the People*, *The Age of Improvement*, etc.

ILLTUD EVANS, O.P. (page 314): Dominican priest; editor of *Blackfriars*

W. B. BONNOR (page 317): Reader in Mathematics, Queen Elizabeth College, London University

RICHARD S. LAMBERT (page 321): Supervisor of Educational Broadcasts, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; editor *The Listener*, 1928-39; author of *Ariel and all his Quality*, *Radio in Canadian Schools*, etc.

LEONARD CLARK (page 322): author of *Sark Discovered*, *English Morning*, etc.

ROBERT LAYTON (page 333): author of *Franz Berwald*

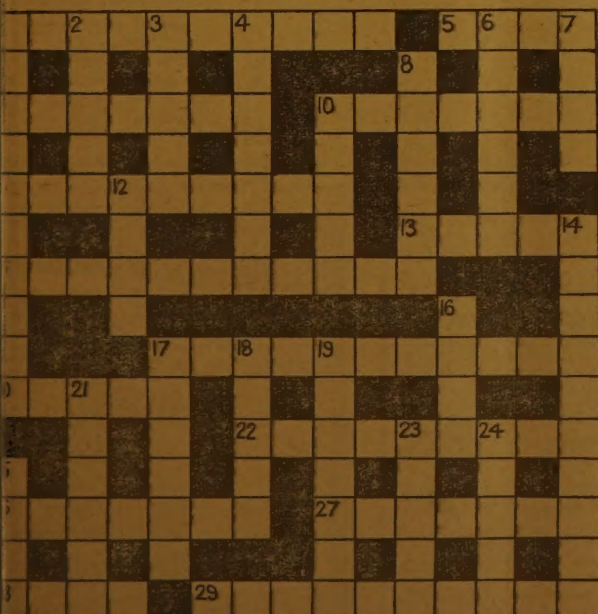
Crossword No. 1,526.

The Djintecs Again.

By Vectis

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 3. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



Many moons have passed since the Djintecs contributed to this journal. Following another visit to this little-known South American race, Vectis has brought back a puzzle compiled by a Djintec family of father, mother, son and daughter (each of whom contributed exactly a quarter of the clues and lights). For the benefit of new readers, the Djintecs maintain a most high standard of education. However, although their children are now writing in the 'orthodox' style, older generations still persist in using the ancient style of writing from right to left and from the bottom of the paper to the top. While this trait will be rectified in a generation or so, there can never be a change in the one characteristic peculiar to these peoples—from birth the male will say exactly what he means but the female will say just the opposite!

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Twilled fine woollen cloth (10)
5. Base (4)
9. Decrease (7)
10. Stray (7)
11. Make submissive (9)
13. Disconnection (5)
15. Absurd? Quite the reverse! (11)
17. Inexplicit (11)
20. Intermediate (5)
22. Tributary streams (9)
26. Discord (7)
27. Heeds (7)
28. Industrious (4)
29. Wishing well! (10)

DOWN

1. Charlatan (10)
2. Anticipate (5)
3. Permission for temporary absence (5)
4. Space travellers! (7)
6. Icons (6)
7. Retain (4)
8. Superfluous fat (6)
10. Grapples unsuccessfully (5)
12. Sink (4)
14. Tendency to self-hatred (10)
16. There (4)
17. Tool (6)
18. Tutor (5)
19. Acceptance (7)
21. Support (6)
23. Dislike of fine arts (5)
24. Cloth (5)
25. Circuit (4)

Solution of No. 1,524

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
E	T	H	A	L	A	S	A	E	O	N	S
R	A	U	N	A	R	N	U	T	D	O	E
E	B	B	T	W	E	A	K	H	E	R	E
H	O	S	E	N	A	P	S	E	P	I	A
O	O	M	S	I	L	L	U	R	I	A	L
A	Z	U	R	E	G	A	R	R	E	A	M
R	E	D	A	F	A	R	G	A	N	J	A
S	I	T	H	E	E	D	E	N	D	E	E
J	N	R	O	N	O	W	K	A	M	E	S
S	P	O	D	E	R	A	N	E	A	T	H
T	I	N	Y	I	L	L	A	N	T	R	E
S	E	E	L	D	E	E	P	S	T	Y	R

A	R	T	H	U	R	A	S	K	E	Y	S
O	N	E	P	O	U	N	D	N	O	T	E

NOTE

The bars to be lined up are those at the end of the three-letter lights.

1st prize: F. G. Simms (London, N.W.8); 2nd prize: Mrs. R. Weiss (Henley-on-Thames); 3rd prize: J. A. Bristow (Bridgwater)

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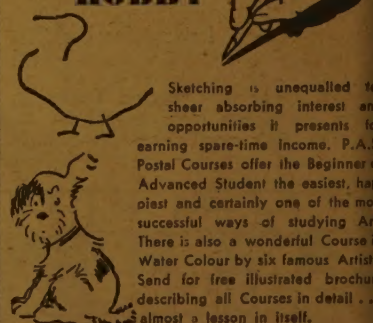
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